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NATURE AND LOVE.

BY S. H. S.

SPRING.

The tender spring comes trembling by
Quiv'ring, the blossoms softly break;
Each zephyr breathing gently by
New forms, new beauties seems to wake:
So trembling wakes my love for thee,
So letters burst, springs fair and free:
O first sweet love! O maiden mine!
O strange new love! O birth divine!

SUMMER.

Full summer now—the genial hours
Lend radiant noon to glowing night.
Full summer—see the gleaming flowers
Basking in fervent life and light.
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its summer sun, its summer moon;
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

AUTUMN.

Adown the fields the golden grain
Hangs heavy on the burdened stems,
Through shimmering leaves the fruits again
Gleam ruddy ripe, rich autumn's gems.
Hearts harvest, too, I gather in,
Love, sweet to cherish, sweet to win;
For future days overflowing store,
Love, could I ever love thee more!

WINTER.

Where are the flowers, where the leaves?
Where the sweet gentle zephyr's breath?
Dead, dead, all yet bound in death!
Is Love, too, dead? Hence, needless pain!
Love only sleeps to wake again.
Love dead? Ah no, not so With Love!
Love only dies to live above.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black letter or white wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

CHAPTER I.

AGATHA'S DESIRE.

"Some attract us like the magnet, others repel us like the serpent, without our knowing why."—*Lamartine.*

It had been the desire of Agatha's life to have a Platonic friendship. She did not enjoy flirting; all lovers she declared were bores, and now she was fast verging towards the sisterhood of spinsters without having formed that friendship in which she felt herself capable of sustaining her part; for all her friends had a proclivity for turning into lovers.

More than once had she fancied that she had found her ideal, but each time scarcely had she given herself up to the full enjoyment of the companionship before the friendship straightway flamed up into love and left her nothing but ashes. Not that Agatha had any objections to marriage, provided she was found by the one whom Heaven had ordained for her; but until the gods should send to her her mate, she ardently longed for the intense devoted friendship of a man.

Agatha was not heavy, but there was so much soul in her face, that many found her wonderfully attractive. She had a clear dead white skin, soft brown eyes, a straight, well cut nose, and full lips, as red as hollyberries. When she loosened the bands of her abundant hair it fell in dark waves to her knees, and rippled over her white forehead in the short tresses that we see in portraits painted nearly a century ago. She had a weakness for copying portions of the dress as seen in these same portraits, and often wore soft frills around her throat and wrists, which gave her a quaint look, although they were exceedingly becoming.

In her manners she was perfectly natural, as free from vanity as from affectation, and so independent and given to so free an expression of her thoughts and feelings, that neither her relatives nor her teachers had ever been able to school her into the reticence which they considered desirable. The originality of her ideas, and her outspoken utterance of them, had occasioned her father a great deal of anxiety concerning her when she was but a child in years (her mother had died when Agatha was an infant); but as the girl developed into the woman she had glided into those grooves of society, the restraints of which she had rebelled against when younger, and she accepted as a fact that such grooves were necessary to the maintenance of order and propriety in society.

Charming as was their city home in New York, their seaside villa at Newport possessed for Agatha many more attractions. At this villa were gathered, one autumn month of a year which shall be nameless, as blithe a party as its walls had ever held; so merrily had passed the days in excursions of various kinds, in riding and driving and boating, in games on the lawn, when the weather was fine; and within doors, when the skies were lowering, or the rain came down; so charmingly had the evenings flown on wings of song or dance, and the endless flow of conversation with which the young are gifted, that when the last evening came, the group was anything but a merry one that, clad in warm wrappings of various kinds, gathered on the broad piazza to enjoy the unusual mildness of the moonlight night. They were all under the shadow of the near separation, and when a walk upon the cliffs was proposed, it was a relief to Agatha to see them stroll off together, falling into pairs as accident or inclination led; while she, pleading some excuse for accompanying them, sat down when they were out of sight in a corner of the piazza which commanded a view of the ocean, entirely unconscious that she was not alone, until the sound of voices reached her from another corner, just where the shadows fell the darkest. She had scarcely made this discovery before another figure appeared in sight, that of a man, who, avoiding the winding gravelled walk, struck a path across the lawn, and gravelling her with some familiarity as he approached, drew up another chair, and sat down beside her. He was their nearest neighbor, Colonel Potten, a widower whom Agatha had once liked, but fancying that his frequent visits of late were made with matrimonial speculations, she felt her heart hardening towards him. As he sat now, caressing his raven black moustache with a hand as soft and white as a woman's, not so deeply engrossed in conversation as to prevent a furtive glance cast down now and then upon its whiteness, Agatha felt sure that in his own estimation he was irresistible and resolved that she would show him he was not.

"I hear that your guests all leave in the morning," he said.

"Yes, they all leave in the morning, she answered coldly.

"You will be quite lonely I fear—hope, I should say, as then I could claim the neighbourly privilege of dropping in often to look after you." Her face was in the shadow, or the cold look in her eyes would have deterred him from taking the sentimental attitude he now assumed, leaning towards her, as he continued,

"I hope my visits are not unwelcome."

"Other guests arrive the day after," said Agatha, not alluding his last remark.

Colonel Potten twisted his moustache, as he had a trick of doing whenever he was annoyed. "Is it possible? I knew that you were to remain until Christmas, but I thought it was too late in the season to tempt anyone from the town to the country. Why, November will soon be here.

"Possibly, our guests are coming more for the sake of companionship, than from any advantages which the country possesses," she replied.

"I daresay," answered the Colonel, chewing at his moustache.

"Although, for my part," continued Agatha, "I think November the most charming month of autumn, with its delicious Indian summer days, and its cheery evenings, when one enjoys so thoroughly the blazing warmth of the open fires through the house."

"I daresay," answered the Colonel, unconscious that he was echoing his last words.

At this moment, Agatha's attention became riveted upon the two in the dark corner; not dark enough, however, to prevent her from perceiving how intense was the flirtation that was going on. More than once, Agatha had seen the man press to his lips with seeming tenderness the long yellow curls of hair that streamed down from under one side of the burnous which enveloped the head of his companion.

"What an idiot!" she exclaimed.

"Which is the idiot?" asked Colonel Potten, glancing at the two in the corner.

"Any man who kisses a woman's hair in these days of chignons is an idiot," answered Agatha. "Do you know who they are?"

"I think the man is your cousin, Frank Mortimer."

"Is Frank so silly? Of course he is making love to the little Hunter. They are well matched for a flirtation."

"You have not your usual discernment to-night, Miss Lee. Those blonde tresses are from no chignon, but the veritable property of Mrs. Arthur Grey."

"Good heavens! I had no idea—really, I thought better of both of them," ejaculated Agatha, confused and agitated. She wished that she had not drawn Colonel Potten's attention to them. "How could I dream the woman was married?" she asked herself.

"Your shocked expression is quite refreshing. I had no idea that you were so behind the times," said Colonel Potten.

Agatha replied in her most freezing tones.

"I hope I shall always be behind the times, if being shocked by my cousin's impertinence and want of principle in making love to a married woman is an index of it. But of course Mrs. Grey is not to blame for his nonsense. You observe that her face is turned in such a way that she cannot see what an idiot he is making of himself."

"Oh! of course not," answered the Colonel, but the low, derisive laugh that followed, denied the assent which he had given; and Agatha annoyed by it, would have annihilated him if a look could have done it.

"Men are always unjust to women," she said, "always ready to put the very worst construction upon what they see."

"As much so, do you think, as women are upon each other?" he asked, with provoking coolness. "I think women are far more unjust to each other than men are to them; and I believe my opinion coincides with that of the world in general. Was it Abraham or Sarah who sent the forlorn Hagar into the desert with her child?"

"Your parallel cases, Colonel Potten," replied her of the lions,

If the man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

"I am glad to learn that I remind you of anything so amusing. I would prefer to be thought of by you in such connection even, than not to be thought of at all," replied Colonel Potten gallantly, but he pulled at his moustache, nevertheless, as though he did not quite relish the association.

Without designing any remark to this last observation, Agatha returned to her first proposition.

"Yes, from Adam down to the present time men are all unjust to women. It is their rightful inheritance, with original sin, 'total depravity,' and all the other birthrights common to human nature. One thing is encouraging however, for, notwithstanding all they have had to contend with, the man of to-day is a most decided improvement upon Adam. Do you not agree with me?"

"Not having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that estimable individual, and biblical history being so very concise in his biography, I am not able to form an opinion," answered the Colonel, in his most complacent tones.

"Still, if you refer to any quality of the mind, such as bravery, for instance, I do think that with the Eve of my choice to cherish, and protect, I would have made a stand in Paradise with her if I had died for it."

The Colonel had fought with some distinction in the war between the North and the South.

"Who would have dreamed of finding a second Lucifer in our brave Colonel!" exclaimed Agatha.

"I think it would be enough to make a demon of any man to turn him adrift homeless with such a divine piece of flesh and blood as Dore represents Eve to have been, and all for a miserable apple."

"But the fruit was forbidden."

"Which made it all the more desirable."

"So long as one is left free to choose, one ought not to shirk the penalty if one makes choice of the road of self-gratification instead of self denial," answered Agatha. "It is only the child who cries for the cake and the penny, too," she continued. "For my part I never could get up any indignation against either Adam or Eve for tasting the fruit, although it was forbidden, but I was always incensed at his outrageous want of manliness in saying, 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat.' Why, there is not a schoolboy in his teens at the present day who would have told of his chum, to say nothing if the apple had been given him by a little girl and that is why I say that men of the present day are an improvement upon Adam."

"Very true," laughed the Colonel. "I wonder I never saw it in that light before. It rather shakes my faith in Adam. A man who would be so dishonorable as to tell would have been none too good to have invented the story. Perhaps, after all, Eve never made the suggestion to him."

"That has always been my theory," replied Agatha.

At this instant she made an exclamation, which caused Colonel Potten to ask her if she had seen a ghost. She did indeed look startled, sitting as if struck dumb, her eyes fixed upon the two in the corner. Her sudden ejaculation seemed also to have startled them, for they arose and approached her.

"May I inquire what has been the subject of this animated discussion?" said Mortimer.

"Is that a fair question?" asked Colonel Potten.

"The question is fair enough. It remains to be seen whether the answer will be equally so fair."

"We have not been confuting ourselves to one topic," replied the "Colonel. The last matter under discussion was whether 'the man who kisses and tells,' is worthy of credence. Your cousin thinks he would be more inclined to make up the story if he told it. Now, in return, allow me to ask what topic has so absorbed you in your secluded corner?"

Agatha longed to add, "that you have been no spectator of the moonlight, of us, and of appearances," but she said nothing. Mrs. Grey shook back her long blonde curls, and answered with an air of bewitching arthness,

"I am afraid you would not believe us if we told you. Come, Mr. Mortimer, I feel like taking a stroll on the cliffs in the moonlight. What do you say?"

Mr. Mortimer seemed to have lost his usual readiness of repartee, for he only answered, "With pleasure" as they walked off together.

"The woman is always the coquette in an emergency," said Colonel Potten, "but when your cousin is ten years older he will wear his honors more unblushingly."

"His disgrace, you mean," answered Agatha, throwing into her voice the scorn she felt. "Did you ever see such a woman? but I am quite forgetting that she is my father's guest."

"Did I ever see such a woman? Scores of them. You must be quite a child, Miss Lee. This is what the German School of Novels is developing in society. Either under the name of "Platonic friendship," "affinities," or "free-love"—it is all the same—this is what it ends in."

"No! no!" exclaimed Agatha, "do not abuse Platonic friendship to me. I am a firm believer in it. Men always confound it with love. Mrs. Grey's conduct does not shake my firm faith in Platonic friendship any more than a piece of spurious coin palmed off upon me would take away my faith in the existence of sterling gold. She is always talking of her friendships, I know; but such a woman is incapable of true friendship. As for 'free-love,' that is too revolting to find advocates among people of any refinement, but you must believe in affinities, Colonel Potten."

Agatha had spoken with earnestness, and in equally earnest tones Colonel Potten replied:

"I believe in the devil!"

"What do you mean? What connection can there be between the two that you should so associate them?" asked Agatha.

"Why simply this, that there is more or less of the devil in all affinities."

"Shall I never meet a man who thinks as I do?" said Agatha vehemently.

"Would to God I were that one," replied the Colonel, and now there was deep feeling in his tones. "More than ever do I wish that I were worthy of the hope which has been kindled in my heart. I will not venture to disclose to you what that hope is; but promise me that there may be a 'pseudo-existence' in the future that you will at least listen to it."

All Agatha's coolness and self-possession returned to her. In the most matter of fact way she answered:

"If you propose to make love to me, Colonel Potten, it is much better for me to tell you at once that we can never sustain any nearer relations than those that exist between us now. The man whom I marry must be one towards whom I feel my soul going out unmistakably the first time I meet him."

Colonel Potten could hardly repress the contemptuous exclamation that rose to his lips, but finally answered:

"I thought you had more common sense."

Agatha, regardless of this remark, continued:

"Such a man I have never met; and should I never meet such a one, I shall never marry. It is much better to remain single than to wed one in whom does not exist, mentally, both of mind and of temperament. We must think alike and feel alike, or we can never be one."

Colonel Potten arose to take his departure, saying as he drew on the glove of his left hand:

"You have my best wishes for your future happiness, Miss Lee; but I think you are in error. Some of the happiest marriages I have known have been between persons who are contrasts either in temperament, or in mind; and with me it is a question whether it is not an essential of a perfect marriage that this contrast should exist. Good night. Will you not give me your hand in parting? It may be long before we meet again."

Agatha suffered her fingers to receive the soft pressure of Colonel Potten's ungloved hand, but she could not repress the chill of aversion that she felt at the contact. He knew that it was so, and as he walked away, he renounced that hope of one day winning her which had been inspired in his heart by his full appreciation of her worth.

Agatha had been from childhood peculiarly susceptible to that animal magnetic influence which had caused her to betray in her face, in the tones of her voice even, either pleasure or indifference in her intercourse with others. She could not harmonize with those who were not congenial; she could not devote herself too assiduously to those who were. Her face was unfortunately a book, whereupon all could read the emotions with which they inspired her; and too frequently the thoughts of her heart found utterance in words. Talleyrand's maxim had no meaning for her—"Language was given to us to disguise our thoughts."

CHAPTER II.

AGATHA'S DREAM.

"Dreams full oft are found of real events the forms and shadows."—*Joanna Baillie.*

When Colonel Potten crossed the lawn, and passed the turnstile that led into his own property, he had fully resolved to leave Newport at once, but man proposes, and God disposes. For more than an hour he walked the winding gravelled path that bordered the cliffs which commanded a view not only of the bay whose gentle heaving surface broke with caressing murmurs against the rocks below, but of the mighty ocean beyond, where, near the horizon, scattered white sails were lovely seen, gilding like ghosts into eternity.

"I was mad! I was a fool!" he said to himself, "to risk all so soon, without one word, one look of encouragement even! What possessed me? At my age one expects to be done with that boyish romance of heart which sends a man rushing headlong into a declaration before he has made sure of success." He glanced up at the moon, which in turn, as he fancied, looked down upon him, in mockery, from the masses of vaporous clouds that were careering across her path. "You have the face of the devil to-night," he continued, looking straight at the peering moon as if he were looking into the face of human being. "Yes, the face of a devil, I say. It was your cursed witchery that led me into this folly!—this lunacy of making love to a woman who scorns love and laughs at lovers! Before God, I hope her turn may come!"

Still pacing the path that bordered his grounds, but now with his head bent downwards, he continued in silence with his thoughts, arranging and rearranging his plans for departure. At last he quickened his steps and, walking across the sward to his house, entered his library by a window that opened out on the piazza, where his favorite dog kept guard, and made one or two unsuccessful attempts to attract some token of recognition. The sagacious animal, having more sense than some biped, saw his master was in no mood for the bestowal of favors, and turned back in a dejected manner to his place of repose.

The night was one of those warm, still nights that rarely come so late in the season. Not a breath stirred the drooping vines that clustered around the columns of the verandah: not a sound but the murmur of 'the ever murmuring sea,' and the chirp of crickets on the lawn, broke the silence. Colonel Potten sat down in his easy chair, and leaning his head on one hand looked vacantly before him, but his attention was arrested by a solitary sealed letter that his eyes fell upon, lying on the library table. He recognised the clear bold writing at a glance, and a look half of pleasure, half of annoyance, settled upon his handsome face as he took it up and broke the seal.

"Bah!" he ejaculated. "It is strange that a man who is not a fool should use a crest in this country! How they must laugh at us over the seas for our cursed imitation of their weakness!" Then regarding the crest more attentively as it clung in its shattered state to the envelope, he saw the motto, which, translated, read: "The brave can die, but never yield;" he added, musingly, "After all, we who carry scars from such battles as Howard and I have fought side by side in, have a better right to use such symbols, if we have a taste that way, than have many of the descendants of those old Norman plunderers." He broke the seal, and read:

"DEAR HORACE,—You will think me as changeable as a woman. I have this moment decided to accept the invitation that I refused, and you may expect me by boat to-morrow, or the day after. My head still troubles me, and Peachose has ordered me entire rest of body and mind. The idea is truly refreshing, to say nothing of what the reality will be to a poor devil who has never been allowed to have either.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL HOWARD."

Colonel Potten's eyebrows contracted in a frown.

"Just as I expected. Now, I am chained here for another month. What imp of darkness ever prompted him to accept my invitation, after once having refused it on the ground of the dullness of a watering-place when the season is over, and after the ninety-and-nine invitations that he stood committed to accept at country seats on the Hudson, Staten Island, and elsewhere, before the season commences in town? I'll be bound there's some woman in the case."

One little word in the corner had escaped his notice. 'Over.' His eye at last rested upon it, and he turned the leaf. P.S.—I have learned a new song, and by Jove, when I sing it, I feel in love with myself. I fancy it renders me irresistible. 'She is mine! she is mine!' I tell you. Horatius, if I had known that song, and had sung it to you the night before we cut our way through the rebel ranks in 'The Wilderness,' we could have fought like gods that day! As it was we fought like incarnate demons, did we not, old fellow? No, we did what was better, we fought like men, for do you not remember how when the sun went down we both emptied our flasks at the mouths of the poor wretches who had stood up against us when that same sun was high in the heavens. You brought me good help that day, my comrade, when my horse was shot under me, and that cursed Minnie ball gave me my ugly wound. I want your help now, in another direction. 'All is fair in love and in war,' you know. My secret will keep until I see you; in the meantime, commend me to sweet 'Saint Agatha' in the way of a kind word or two in behalf of your tried and faithful comrade of the field; also to all other saints in your neighborhood. You see I know something of your sentimentalism my familiar, large enough, though sun divide and oceans roll between."

"The devil helps his own," was all that Colonel Potten said, as he walked to the bell rope, and after ordering the servant who answered it, to clear the house for the night, went to his chamber. Meantime, how fared it with Agatha? Did not the first ray of pity enter her heart to soften it towards the man who had paid her the highest compliment that it is in the power of man to pay a woman? If so, she did not betray it in any way. When her guests returned to the house, two by two, after their moonlight walks, Agatha received them with a face as serene as the moonlight itself that streamed in through the bay window of the library, where she had half buried herself in the luxurious depths of a lounging chair. Only once was her composure disturbed; it was when Mrs. Grey came in leaning heavily upon Frank Mortimer's arm, and approaching her, said:

"It is agonizing to think this is the last night. Oh, Miss Lee, I never expect to be as happy again this side of heaven."

"Are you sure you will go to heaven?" asked Agatha, looking up straight into the blue seductive eyes that were bent over her.

"I daresay if I had my deserts I never should get beyond the gates; but then who would?" she replied, with her usual upload.

Some eager words trembled upon Agatha's lips, but, remembering her duty as a hostess, she withheld them.

Mrs. Grey, looking archly back, after saying 'good-night,' added:

"I thought you would answer that those who have charity for others might possibly get within those same gates, for charity, we are told, covers a multitude of sins. Again, 'good-night.'" Agatha arose, and gathered up her wrappings.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mortimer. "You cannot instruct my fair cousin in any biblical matters. She knows every passage by heart, I believe, for she brings them out like bomb-shell's when she sets in judgment upon my peccadilloes. 'Saint Agatha' we call her sometimes."

They passed out laughing together, took leave of each other at the foot of the stair-case, and in another hour the house was wrapped in darkness and in silence.

But Agatha could not sleep. After vainly striving to compose herself, she arose, and wrapping her dressing gown around her, sat down at the window. How beautiful the night was! how glorious! The loveliness of earth, ocean, and sky was intensified by the bewitching moonlight. Agatha was conscious of all this beauty though her eyes were cast upwards, as one who sees nothing. Her rippling hair fell over her shoulders and wrapped her as in a purple cloud; and in the clouds she was to all intents and purposes.

"How lovely it must be in heaven!" thought Agatha, "although this world would be quite beautiful enough for me, if I did not feel so fearfully lonely at times. Here am I, twenty-five years old, and as the world goes I have had what everyone calls a happy life; yet, I hope I shall not live to be an old woman. I wonder old people are always so anxious to live. What with folly, and evil temper in one's self or others, and even worse things to contend with, I do not think life is very desirable. Two or three more years, and people will begin to call me an old maid. I feel a presentiment settling down upon me that I am to be one. Not that it would be such an uncomfortable fate to contemplate, if I could only come across that friend I am always looking for. I would like there all things to have such a friendship as I have dreamed of—such as I have often read about. I wonder if I ever will realise this desire of my heart?"

So musing, Agatha's eyes closed, and she went off into the land of dreams. Here she found herself walking hand in hand with a man of noble bearing. Her feet were bare, but she did not feel abashed; not even so much as a grain of dust clung to them. How carefully he guided her steps, how solicitous he was that she should not fatigue herself; and when they passed to rest by the wayside, how tenderly he held both her hands in his! and looking up into his, eyes what revelations of truth and goodness, and pure affection, she read in them! Again, they were hurrying on in the path of cross, and Agatha saw that all eyes were turned to her feet; but still they were white and spotless. At last they came to a piece of road where the mud was thick, and little slimy pools of water lay here and there. Agatha paused, hesitated, and shrank back. How could she step into that oozing ooze? But the clasp of the cool, firm hand gave her strength, and drew her onwards; she glanced down at her feet, expecting to see the noisome mire clinging to them at last; but no, she had already passed through clean and unstained, and now she had reached the mossy hills beyond, which she could see stretching up and up, ever in higher peaks until they seemed to touch the holy stars. Here, her companion, holding her head for one moment between his hands, just touched her forehead with his lips, and disappeared. She called after the vision, and awoke with her arms stretched out imploringly.

The dreamed seemed so real to Agatha, that for days those wonderful eyes haunted her, while to her heart came such longings for love as she had never known before.

CHAPTER III.

MILDRED TRACEY, "THE PARAGON."

"Where we live, lie the temptations we most detest, or prefer."

In the breakfast table the following morning there was no end of *badinage* in reference to one thing and another. The different series of guests that had been entertained during the summer and autumn months at Mr. Lee's villa afforded a subject for conjecture.

"The first must have been the necessary people," remarked Mrs. Grey, "the relatives, and connections, and all that could not be left out, you understand, like the members of the diplomatic corps at courts, who have to be invited, no matter how disagreeable and tiresome they are. Then must have come 'the elegants,' who always used to come in at Congress between, 'the necessary people' and 'the bores,' and now, we in turn make way for 'the bores. Is it not so?' and she turned her pretty head on one side, until her long curls brushed the hand of the man who had kissed them the night before.

He glanced furtively across the table at Agatha, and catching her eye, said, "By the way, who are to be your next guests?"

"A very dear old friend of mine, and some acquaintances of papa's," she answered.

"Ah!" he replied, feigning a very wise look, "there is a secret in some. Some rejected suitor perhaps, who is coming here to console himself with Platonic friendship;" then turning to a gentleman who sat near him, he said, "That is my cousin's hobby; and, would you believe it,

she has never yet come across a man who was wise enough to accept the Platonic part and trust to luck or himself for the chance of winning more."

Agatha looked like anything but a saint as the laugh went round the table.

"But won't you tell us who is coming, or is it really a secret?" asked Miss Hunter, a charming brunette of twenty summers who sat on Mr. Mortimer's left.

"Certainly, but I doubt whether you know any of them," replied Agatha. "Papa's friends, General and Mrs. Wheelock; they——"

"I will count them in order," interrupted her cousin; "they are one."

"No, they are decidedly two," called out Mr. Lee, from his seat at the opposite end of the table. "But, Agatha, you need not include them, for I have just received a letter from the General to say that he finds it impossible to get off from his duties at Washington. It never rains but it pours, you know, and here is another letter from Macalpine, who writes that he and Hastings have decided to go out to Omaha on a shooting excursion urging me to join them."

"Is it not lovely? Now Miss Lee will have to ask four of us to take their places," said Mrs. Barlow, a handsome young widow who was seated next to Mr. Lee.

"Oh! dear, adorable Miss Lee, please include me," cried out, Mrs. Grey, while each in turn protested that he or she must be one of the favored ones.

"You do me too much honor," said Agatha, smiling around upon her guests. "If my father is disappointed, I regret extremely the circumstances that have deprived us of the visit of his friends; but I shall not find it difficult to receive consolation for their absence in the society of my old school mate and best friend, Mrs. Carroll Tracey, who has promised me the whole month of November."

"You were always fond of Millie," said Mrs. Barlow, with a shrug of her shoulders, which seemed to say she was not. "I hope you like her husband as well, but I think him detestable with his formal freezing ways."

"Tracey detestable!" exclaimed Mr. Lee. "Why, he is *distingue jusqu'au bout des ongles*."

"Ah, Lucy, you and Mildred were never congenial, but I thought every one liked her husband," added Agatha.

"You thought wrong, my dear; every one does not like Carroll Tracey. There is no love lost between him and his wife even. Such a capricious, uncertain mortal as she is, could keep no heart true to her: unless one like your own which has the idealizing power of making your friends just what you wish them to be."

Frank Mortimer lifted his eyebrows, as much as to say, "That has not been my experience with my cousin—she never idealizes me;" then turning to Mr. Davenport, a man with an English face and heavy auburn beard, English cut and cultivated, asked,

"Do you know this lovely creature about whom sentiments are so divided? my cousin pronouncing her her best friend, and Mrs. Barlow declaring her to be incapable either of love or friendship?"

"I did not exactly say that," said Mrs. Barlow.

Mr. Davenport rejoined, "Know Mrs. Carroll Tracey! I should think I did. The Traceys have spent two winters in Philadelphia."

"I have never seen that wonderful city," replied Mortimer; "but if I lead a good moral life I hope to go there when I die."

"For shame, Mr. Mortimer, that is not original. I have heard it before," said Mrs. Grey.

"You had better go there while you live, if you want to have a good time on earth," continued Mr. Davenport, "for I know no city where there are so many pretty women. As for Mrs. Tracey, she is only one of a score whom it is a sin to allow to go around loose, turning the heads of half the men they meet. But you know she has gone back to New York to live."

"Hah!" laughed Mortimer, "if straws show which way the wind blows, you must have been badly hit."

"I acknowledge it," replied Davenport. "I never expected to get over it. You see there is no hope or no chance for a man of my prosaic, matter-of-fact ways with a woman like Mrs. Tracey, all heart and feeling and impulse; besides, Mrs. Barlow to the contrary, I assert that she has no eyes for any man but her husband."

Mrs. Barlow, who had been looking very complacent since Mr. Davenport's encomiums upon Philadelphia women, she being one, was just upon the point of replying, when Mrs. Dexter, the lady on the right of Mr. Lee, exclaimed:

"It is charming even to hear of such a woman in these days," glancing, as she spoke, down the table at her young and volatile relative, Mrs. Grey, who, during Frank Mortimer's occasional absences to New York, had monopolized the attention of the rather heavy looking individual, whom Mrs. Dexter looked upon as so especially her property that she was extremely averse to sharing his simplest attentions with her best friends even, watching him closely on all occasions.

"It is just as I tell you," continued Mr. Davenport. "She has been married five or six years, during which time no one has ever heard any man's name coupled with hers, even in a harmless flirtation."

"How about Harold Graham?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"That is an old affair. I believe she jilted him before she married Tracey."

"Or he jilted her, which was it? I thought there was some talk about them after her marriage."

"I never heard any. I never heard any man's name mentioned with hers; although I wonder that people have not talked about Paul Howard and herself; for if ever a man tried to compromise a woman, that renegade has tried to compromise her; following her about wherever she goes in the summer time; and now that the Traceys have gone back to New York I daresay he will be more devoted to her than ever."

"This is getting intensely interesting," said Mortimer. "I wish, Agatha, you would make a point of my remaining. The only feature in my favor is that they have left 'the city of brotherly love' and pitched their tents in 'Sodom' it seems. Before the winter is over, I am bound to know her. What business is her husband in? or is he one of those lucky dogs whose fathers or grandfathers cut business and left an inheritance that rendered business unnecessary to those who came after them?"

"He is just one of that sort," answered Mr. Davenport. "He is a Boston man—has literary tastes, and writes books, or translates them; which is all the same thing, all trash and transcendentalism. I have been told he gets quite a good income by it. It is said that he neglects his wife—most literary men do, I believe—at all events, he writes half of the year, and the other half he is off shooting or yachting. Quite enough to justify his wife in getting a divorce, I should say."

"Perhaps she does not wish for one," suggested Mrs. Grey, who had been pouting over Mr. Mortimer's evident interest in the stranger; but he was utterly regardless, and said again to Agatha, "Won't you take compassion on me, and ask me for another month. I am so much interested in this paragon, that I want to have an opportunity of judging for myself. Why, it is really more marvellous than any fiction I ever read. A ravishingly lovely young wife, who is so much in love with her husband that she cannot console herself in the remotest degree by the attentions of the men who plunge over head and ears in love with her, without the slightest encouragement! I consider it a settled thing, Agatha, that I am to stay."

Before Agatha had time to answer, Mrs. Grey broke in, "Now do be amiable, and ask both of us, Miss Lee. I will promise to devote myself to the Blue Beard, and Mr. Mortimer will make an impression upon 'the paragon,' and you will have your reward in the quantity of anthracite you save, for you may rest assured, all Newport could not furnish coal enough to keep your house at a temperature in which human life could be sustained with two such icebergs within its walls as you and he must be."

"Were you ever on the Grimsel—in Switzerland?" asked Agatha.

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"I thought that possibly you have never seen the myriads of flowers that bloom near the glacier of the Rhone, side by side with fields of snow—flowers so delicate that they would perish in the fierce heat and glare of a tropical sun." Agatha looked as merciless as she felt. Mrs. Grey perfectly understood the implied simile, but she answered quite carelessly:

"I never cared for wild flowers as I do for gorgeous exotics and glowing blossoms of tropical plants; but I would never have suspected that you, Miss Lee, could care for flowers at all. Take my advice and repress your fondness, for if you admit into your heart the weakness of loving flowers of any description you may end by loving all. Spring comes in with lilies and snow drops; but summer brings deep-hearted roses, that break with their own weight, sometimes."

Frank Mortimer, entirely unsuspicious of any hidden meaning in these words, turned to Miss Grey;

"You did not suspect my cousin of the weakness of loving flowers? Why, she used to say, before she took vows of celibacy, that when she got married she was going to have hyacinths in her sitting-room, even if she married a man who could not afford to have carpets."

There was such a chattering kept up around the table that Mrs. Grey's low tones in answer fell upon no other ears than those for which they were intended.

"It would seem that the sayings and doings of your cousin Agatha have made a great impression upon you in times past, that you remember them so long. You are always quoting them."

Frank Mortimer did not stand fire well on that occasion, although more than once he had received honorable mention in the despatches of his general for his bravery on the field of battle, when, as *aide-de-camp*, he had carried orders through storms of flying shot and exploding shells. A crimson flush mounted to his temples, where blonde, crisp waves of hair clustered thickly, and his eyes fell under the searching glance that he encountered.

"I assure you we have never been on passably friendly terms even. She is much too good to have fellowship even in a cousinly way with a harum-scarum fellow like myself."

"There are various kinds of goodness, as well as various degrees of each kind," answered Mrs. Grey. "Is she one who is so thoroughly imbued with all kinds, that she has no faults of her own to correct, and so has an ambition to make the world better? I wonder whether she has ever had a temptation; because if she has not, I do not believe in her goodness. People who have never known a temptation are always the hardest upon the sins of others. It is quite evident that she looks upon our little flirtation as one of the seven deadly sins. Heavens! I wish she were the wife of an unprincipled, dissipated roué, and then fall into the society of a man so congenial as to make her forget that she had a husband!"

"Do be careful what you say," implored Mortimer. "There look at your nice traveling gown, with your coffee streaming over it!" By a gesture of impatience Mrs. Gray had upset a portion of her coffee as they rose from the table. When one of the servants had repaired the mischief as far as it lay in his power, the carriages had come around, and all were engrossed with preparations for departure. They alone remained in the breakfast-room.

"It is quite impossible to persuade you to go as far as Boston with us? You could return by the boat from Fall River this evening." She had such a pleading expression in her eyes that they said more than the words even.

"It really is impossible. You have forgotten that it is business that keeps me here. Though only one day longer, I am to be pitied that it is so."

Still she lingered; her eyes were cast downwards, and her breath came in long, tremulous swells.

"Do you not pity me?" he asked, lifting her hand to his lips.

"Yes, I do pity you, if I divine aright the nature of the business that detains you. You are going to offer yourself to your cousin; and if she accepts you, you will know what the curse of a granted prayer is when one has prayed for something that destiny ought to deny. But she will not accept you. She is as cold as snow—as cold as the glacier she preached about to-day." Her little, gesturing hand, which she had withdrawn from his clasp, lay soft and dimpled upon his arm as she ceased speaking and with eyes upturned to his, pleaded, "Do not break your own heart against that woman's heart of marble!"

He took the soft, warm hand once more and again carried it to his lips, saying, "You foolish little woman! I must teach you not to be jealous! Agatha is nothing to me, nor has she ever been!"

A footfall caused them to turn, when they encountered Agatha's eyes. A ghost could not have startled them more. How much or how little had she heard?

There were noisy adieus, much chattering, kissing of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs as one by one the carriages rolled away with their occupants.

Mr. Lee and Frank Mortimer followed on saddle horses down to the boat, to see the merry party off on their way to their various destinations.

CHAPTER IV.

AGATHA SITS IN JUDGMENT ON "MRS. POTIPHAR."

"The influence of woman on man for good or for evil defies reasoning. It does mould his deeds on earth; it does either make or mar all that future which lies between his life and his gravestone, and of whatsoever may lie beyond the grave."—*Balzac.*

That day Mr. Lee, Agatha, and Frank Mortimer dined alone. Mr. Lee was still a fine looking man, although more than fifty years of age, but so scrupulously careful of the cut of his beard, and of his dress, as to cause him to appear much younger.

"So the bewitching widow did not catch you in her toils, my good uncle," said Frank.

"I must do her the justice to say that if she had spread them, I should most undoubtedly have been caught. Of course you think I am old enough to have gotten over such follies, but to this day I cannot have a pretty woman make love to me without making love to her myself."

"Matrimonially?" asked Frank, looking rather quizzical.

"Not exactly; although there is no knowing how it might end if Agatha did not keep me under *surveillance*."

"How strange, that having such a susceptible father I am not more susceptible myself," said Agatha.

"It is rather odd. Dexter said last evening I was fortunate in keeping you so long; but that I must remember in the course of nature I would be the first to go, and that I ought to see you settled in life, if for no other reason than that I might leave you without a protector. He has the fancy that it is some quixotic idea about me that prevents you from marrying. Now if that is the case I shall arrange a *mariage de convenance* for you at once. By the way, Frank, have you observed what a watch Dexter's wife keeps over him?"

"Of course I have. Who has not? I rather pity that man. He deserves a better fate."

"I think he can dispense with your pity," said Agatha. "He seems quite able to take care of himself; and although he feels his wife's watchfulness, he has without doubt, the good sense not to show it. He resigned himself to Mrs. Grey's devotion when you were away; and papa can tell you how very devoted she was."

"But Mrs. Grey is his cousin," replied her father.

"Cousins are not necessarily devoted," said Agatha.

"That is quite true," remarked Frank, with emphatic fervor.

"Agatha and she did not harmonize very well, I saw that from the first," said Mr. Lee.

"No, papa, we did not; and if you knew her better you would be sorry if I did harmonize with her."

"Don't be too severe upon her," exclaimed Frank. "She is not bad *au fond*. I think you were a little hard upon her, Agatha."

"Not until she conducted herself in a way that convinced me that she was bad at heart; and how you can say that she was not is more than I can understand."

Frank always avoided a discussion with his cousin, and he now adroitly changed the conversation by asking her opinion of Mrs. Barlow.

"I thought, at one time, she had designs upon my father," she answered.

"And I thought," said Mr. Lee, "that Mrs. Dexter was afraid of designs upon her husband. You, Agatha, ought to sympathize with Mrs. Dexter, for you take as good care of me, evidently, as she does of her liege lord. What did you think of 'the dead set' that the little Hunter made for Davenport? I think it was a great waste of ammunition. Davenport is not a marrying man: don't you agree with me, Agatha?"

"I think Mr. Davenport is like many other men—he is not a marrying man because he does not happen to meet any one whom he wishes to marry; when he does, he will be a marrying man, I am sure. I rather like Mr. Davenport myself, but I am quite sure he does not like me: he is always so *gene* when he is with me."

"On the contrary, he told me he had the greatest admiration for you, and that when he came across a woman like you, who would have him, he intended to marry," said Mr. Lee.

Frank burst out into tumultuous laughter. "Well, that is one way of declaring one's self, just like Davenport. I thought he had some secret grief, for his nose is getting so red, and his eyes are so bleared that they suggest hopeless weeping, and all that sort of thing."

"How hateful in you!" exclaimed Agatha; and yet she joined in the laugh.

Thus, through dinner, they chatted about their late guests, now one, and now another, but Frank took care that Mrs. Grey did not again come under discussion. When dinner was ended Mr. Lee strolled off to "look in upon Potten, and smoke a cigar with him," as he said; and Agatha, after giving orders for the saddle horses to be brought around later for herself and her cousin, betook herself to her chamber, leaving Frank to amuse himself as he chose. He grumbled a little at being turned off so unceremoniously, and then went to the billiard-room to smoke his cigar, pacing up and down as he smoked quite lost in thought, and a sentence or two occasionally escaping him.

"I might as well cry for the moon, I dare say." Puff, Puff—the soft smoke curled in hollow rings upward as he withdrew his cigar, and permitted it to escape his lips in a peculiar manner, pausing and watching the rings as they broke and dissolved in the air. "Still, she only treats me as she does all the rest—no worse, I think—no better, I am sure." Puff, puff, puff—the smoke came out in clouds now, and he walked backwards and forwards without heeding it. "She is my first love, my only love; and who knows what is in her heart? It is an encouragement that she looked staggered to-day when she came upon us so suddenly. Perhaps the secret of her indifference to others is some hidden love, and if so, why may I not be the object?" He paused now in front of the broad mirror that hung against the chimney, and saw there a face that a woman might well have been pardoned for fancying. The violet eyes were luminous with the tenderness of a newly awakened hope; the full, red lips were struck apart in a smile, disclosing teeth of brilliant whiteness, the well-poised head, the broad shoulders, the Antinous brow, all combined to give Frank Mortimer confidence in his own powers; and his resolution was taken on the spot. "I will know to-night what my chances are—to-night. Anything is better than this suspense."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

BY J. M.

A cold February storm raged without Laverton Hall, but within the black and amberhung drawing-room was such light and warmth and magnificence brought a transient gleam of lowering passion to Genevieve Grenellen's face.

She stood against an amber satin background, that set off her brilliant dusky beauty, leisurely addressing her companion, a dimpled pink and white, yellow haired girl of seventeen.

"So this is the mansion of which you are to be mistress, Avis?"

"Yes," said Avis, flushing bewitchingly.

"And does your betrothed correspond with the magnificence of his home?"

"Oh, he is a grand man, Genevieve! I feel the most insignificant little child beside him with his splendid form and grey beard."

"It is well that he is so much your senior," answered Miss Grenellen, significantly. "If he were a younger man it would never do for you to live six months under his roof before becoming his wife. I cannot understand your father's idea sending you here."

"You forget, Genevieve, that now papa is dead I have not a friend in the world but Mr. Laverton. He is my guardian as well as my betrothed."

"Oh, well, you must make the best of an exceedingly trying position. I hope you will behave in the most dignified and reserved manner, and exact from Mr. Laverton the same treatment, and not compromise yourself by indulging any of the hoydenish manner your papa was so fond as to encourage."

"I am not likely to compromise myself, Miss Grenellen, nor is Mr. Laverton the man to allow me to do so," answered Avis, wrathfully.

"I hope not, my poor child," said Miss Grenellen, with a calm smile, parting the heavy curtains to watch the snow and hail beat against the windows.

Presently John Laverton walked into the room.

At sight of him Avis sprung up with a glad cry, that recalled Miss Grenellen from contemplation of the storm; and under her watchful, cool, slightly scornful gaze the little black robed form took an unwonted dignity as she put her two hands in her lover's.

"My little darling, I am so glad to welcome you to your home, and hope you are as glad to come."

And John Laverton made a motion as if he would fold Avis in his arms.

But Miss Shelly gently repulsed him.

"I am glad; and so pleased to see you. This is Miss Grenellen, Mr. Laverton, my friend and companion for the last six months; I don't like to say governess, that makes me seem such a child," she laughed.

"Under whatever title you introduce Miss Grenellen, I am equally glad to know her, and claim her for my friend too, for your sake," John Laverton said, holding out his hand to the splendid dark woman, whose beauty fairly dazzled him, even in that moment of joy at meeting his little betrothed.

"Thanks, Mr. Laverton," Genevieve said, laying her exquisite hand in his; "and I hope that we may be friends, some day, for our own sakes. With the exception of my little Avis, here, I am utterly alone in the world."

"Then I am glad that Mr. Shelly decreed that you should come to us and remain his daughter's companion. Consider that here you have friends, and here is your home, as long as you care for it enough to stay."

Miss Grenellen uttered no word answer, but never did a woman bestow upon a man a look more alluring than the frank grateful and admiring one with which she met his eyes.

"Ah!" she said to herself that night. "I will never, never leave Laverton Hall. Fate has delt hardly enough with me; now I will take my destiny into my own hands and shape it as I will! Avis Shelly shall not reign mistress of this magnificent house and Genevieve Grenellen shall."

Five of the six months that were to elapse before John Laverton—grey bearded and fifty years old—married his youthful ward passed, and preparations were already being made for the select wedding that was to take place the latter part of August.

Despite a certain reserved dignity that existed between Avis Shelly and her guardian, neither had entertained an idea of not fulfilling the betrothal vows that bound them.

When Mr. Laverton had complained that Avis was not to him the same uncontrolled child he had loved, and whose hand he had asked of her father, Miss Grenellen had taken pains to privately inform him that he "ought not to tease dear Avis by telling her so."

"Avis cannot help feeling that her position here as a betrothed bride, living in the house of her future bridegroom, is a very delicate one, and she especially desires to act, and be treated, with great dignity until she is your wife. Besides, Avis is such a child; she would be gayer with companions of her own age."

John Laverton was a county judge, whose time and mind were greatly occupied with business, and at home he longed for exhibitions of the girlish spirits with which Avis Shelly had once so charmed him.

But he respected her wishes, as represented by Genevieve, and filled the house with young people, and turned often for entertainments to Miss Grenellen, who was a fine musician and brilliant conversationalist.

And to Avis it seemed that her lover, the splendid man she ardently adored and reverenced, was not as loving as she had thought him in those few weeks when she had first known him.

But she laughed and romped with her guest, and told herself all would be right, and she should be quite happy when she could nestle upon John Laverton's broad breast and call him husband.

But those days were farther away than anyone dreamed, for one morning it was discovered that Avis Shelly had eloped with Arthur Inglis, a graceless nephew of John Laverton's, who had been allowed, on sufferance, to spend a little time at his uncle's.

John Laverton read the note Arthur had left, handed it to Miss Grenellen, and with blanched face passed to his library.

There Genevieve sought him.

"My friend, my dear friend!" she cried, standing before him, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Do!" he groaned. "Can you give me back my faith in Avis's innocence? Can you give me the little wife I had to hope to care for through my future life? Can you give me the love that has left me desolate? There is no one to care for now—no one to care for me!"

"Oh, John Laverton, if you talk so you will break my heart!"

A lovely, slender form dropped on its knees before him; a splendid, passionate face, with dusky, tender eyes glowing through unshed tears, looked up to his.

"I cannot give back a love that was never yours! Avis never loved you, but there is one who must care for you until death—who would give her life to do you even a friendly act!"

With a storm of sobs Genevieve put her beautiful hands up to her face, and her head sank lower and lower, until it rested upon the arm of John Laverton's chair.

Laverton's arms stole about the trembling form, and when Genevieve had lifted her head to his brest, and pressed her red, quivering lips to his kindly hand, she knew that she had won the stake for which she had played.

John Laverton was too honorable a man not to soon give his protection as a husband to the woman who had confessed her love for him, and whose caresses he had accepted and returned in his hour of weakness.

And Genevieve, in her graceful, artful fashion, soon usurped the place in his heart that Avis had held; for Mr. Laverton was not one who could forgive any deceit, and Avis had effectually disenchanted him.

For a year Genevieve Laverton was as happy as such mere flesh-and-blood, heartless women can be.

She glorified in her magnificent home, and in her way, she loved the man whose name she bore, and whose life she warmed with a passionate show of devotion that kept him blinded to her faults; and then the blackness of her destiny gathered over her, suddenly and swiftly, one golden October day.

She sat in the great library, with windows and doors thrown open to admit the glory of the autumn morning, when her husband came in the room, with an open letter in his hand.

"Genevieve!" he called, so hoarsely and sternly that she glanced up in terror to see if this could be her husband, John Laverton.

When she saw his white, rigid face, and the open letter, she forced her face into calmness.

"What is it?" she asked, sinking gracefully into a chair before the little desk where he had stopped.

He put the letter before her, and stood with hands clasped behind him while she read it, hoping—oh! how beyond all his anger and his agony arose that hope—that she could explain all!

But as, without the slightest change of expression, Genevieve read the fatal letter, her husband knew that she was guilty.

"Guardian," the letter read, "there was a time when every thought of my life centred about the blessed knowledge that I was to be your wife; and I told Arthur Inglis so when he said he loved me. We agreed to be friends, and in token of friendship and forgiveness I promised to take a little moonlight drive with him. He carried me miles from Laverton Hall, and when I implored to be taken home he told me what Genevieve had insinuated several times to me—that you had confessed yourself disgusted with your child betrothed and loved Miss Grenellen; and then he gave me a note from Genevieve, saying that you had asked her to be your wife. She asked me to tell her whether she should accept you, and make you and herself happy, or whether I would still try to marry a man who despised me. When I knew your home was no longer mine—that I had no friends—and Arthur begged me to marry him, and said that he had left you a note saying we had eloped, I was too helpless, too heart-broken, not to abide by his will. We were married, and three hours after, on our wedding-journey, we were both injured in a railroad accident and carried to a kind farmer's, where Arthur died. In a few weeks I recovered, and saw your marriage notice in the first paper I was allowed to read. I told my friends my story, and at this time, this year, I should be eighteen and rich, and would repay them if they would let me stay with them. And here I have been since; waiting until by my father's will I could become my own mistress. Now you know my story. Will you pitifully make all business arrangements without compelling me to see you?

"AVIS SHELLY."

"What have you to say?" sternly asked John Laverton, when his wife had read to the signature.

"That I worshiped you, John," she cried, with her alluring, passionate gaze; trying to throw her arms about him.

But he put her away from him.

"And you deceived Avis?"

"She was a child! What was her loss compared with mine? Oh, John! you surely mean to forgive me," she implored, as he still scornfully repulsed her.

"Never! From this moment you cease to be my wife. Go where you like, so that you leave this house and I never see your false face again, and I will support you—that is all."

He would hear no more after that, nor see her, but gave the maid orders to pack Mrs. Laverton's trunks; and before night Genevieve was sent from the home she had treacherously won.

But as she was being driven away she caught a glimpse of her husband, and sprung to her feet, commanding the driver to stop.

The horses were only made to fly the faster, and Mrs. Laverton tried to spring out, and fell.

When she was taken up the handsome woman was a cureless cripple.

She was carried to a cottage on the Laverton estate, and surrounded by every comfort through the years she lived—and best of all, John Laverton went and kissed her face when she lay dying.

Then he sought Avis Shelly, and gathered her into his arms, and bowed his grey head upon her sunny hair, and whispered, softly—

"Cheer up, little Avis, we shall soon pass from this dark shadow into the sunshine of a united future, when a whole heaven of happiness cannot mean as much to me of joy as the one word—wife!"

Whatsoever things are beauteous, whatsoever things are rare and costly, are at the disposal of women to make her irresistible. Even the robin-redbreast lays down his melodious life for her, and justly so, for a bird in the hat is worth two in the bush. The little bow-wows give up their bones that they may shine upon her snowy neck. She goes forth conquering and to conquer. Man, poor fellow, with his chimney-pot hat, and his coats—made of the wool of the congenial sheep—is a mere collection of cylinders, and his garments seem contrived to enhance his native ugliness.

NEWS OF INTEREST

Monkeys are used for food by the people of Japan.

The dahlia was transplanted from Mexico.

Wood carving is taught free two nights a week in Boston.

Two hundred rolling chairs are in use at the Paris show.

Pope Pius IX. left a fine black cat, which is well cared for.

Archery will be the popular pastime at the summer resorts.

Sailors are mostly far-sighted and very seldom near sighted.

Taxes were paid in Great Britain last year upon [illegible] dogs.

Dom Pedro will inspect the Paris show as he did the Centennial.

A pea-pod in silver is the latest novelty in the way of cravat pins.

Yellow gauze veils are the best for the complexion at the seaside.

In fashionable weddings the bridegroom wears a ring as well as the bride.

Three and four men are often occupied a year in making a cashmere shawl.

Barnum is authority for the statement that Jenny Lind is worth $[illegible].

The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from August [illegible].

The latest earring is an arrow that looks as if it were nearly through the ear.

In England every person found walking upon the railroad tracks is arrested.

Butter was selling for sixteen cents per pound in Berkshire, Mass., last week.

The Governor of California receives the highest salary among governors, $[illegible].

Kentucky has lost her monopoly. Wyoming Territory has a mammoth cave.

The consumption of tea in the United States last year amounted to [illegible] lbs.

It costs the Czar some $1,000,000 every day to keep up his present military power.

Tar dissolved in water and sprinkled on potato vines is said to be sure death to the bugs.

A man's father-in-law will not visit him without written permission in parts of Scotland.

10,000 Chinamen are being shipped from California to Peru for plantation work.

From the days of antiquity the month of June has been chosen as the season for weddings.

A sect has arisen in the Greek Church in Russia that makes a woman's rights its creed.

In Hindustani, a thousand years ago, they played cards with eight suits of different colors.

German brokers have been shipping counterfeit money to this country through emigrants.

Edward Kimball, the church debt raiser, has relieved 57 churches of debts amounting to $[illegible].

A good bony gentleman of 170 pounds will yield on cremation 1 1/2 pounds of first-class ashes.

The second comet of 1878 is expected to return during the first part of July this year, and will be in a favorable position for observation.

It is now the mode in England to be buried in an open wickerwork coffin filled with flowers.

A colored woman said to be 107 years old, died in Baltimore on Sunday; she left [illegible] descendants.

Miss Tabitha A. Holton is the first woman ever admitted to the bar in North Carolina. She is the daughter of a clergyman, and [illegible] years old.

In the town of Pithole, Pa., there are now but six families. Twelve years ago [illegible] votes were polled.

Mr. Beecher is to deliver ten lectures in California the coming fall, for $[illegible], and $[illegible] for expenses.

The real estate of the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, is worth about $[illegible] less than when he died.

England, with 6,000,000 less population than the United States, spends $[illegible] a year more for drink.

The Crown Princess of Denmark, sister-in-law to the Princess of Wales, is six feet two inches in height.

In Eastern countries the feet of carrier pigeons are bathed with vinegar to prevent them stopping for water.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart owns a solitaire diamond worth $[illegible], which is said to be the largest in the United States.

A German philosopher has discovered the secret of occult knot-tying as practised by the Davenport Brothers and others.

An African chief is said to have presented a water-cooler and fifty female slaves to Stanley in exchange for a penny whistle.

Miss Von Hillern, the pedestrian, and two other young women, have made their home in a barn, fitted up as a studio, near St. Johnsbury, Vt., to study and sketch from nature.

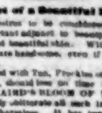
Thomas Winans, the Baltimore millionaire, died at his residence in Newport, R. I., on the 10th, after an illness of six months, aged [illegible] years. He was reputed to be worth $[illegible].

Ireland is remembering her greatest composer. A bust of Balfe has been placed in the Dublin National Gallery, and a memorial window in his honor is to be placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Mrs. J. A. Patterson, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Patterson, will supply the Highland University church, Boston, during her husband's absence in Europe.

Ex Mayor McKune, of Scranton, Pa., has been presented with a handsomely bound memorial volume, by thirty-eight organizations, and bearing nearly [illegible] signatures, in recognition of his courageous action during the July riots last year.

A NEW OZONE MACHINE.—In a recent lecture on ozone and atmosphere, Professor Leeds exhibited a new machine for the production of ozone in large quantities, and in a very concentrated state. The oxygen after cooling to zero, is deprived of every remaining trace of moisture by drying agents, and then passed through tubes highly electrified. The ozone so produced exhibited intense chemical energy, bleaching indigo instantly, oxidizing silver, etc. The generation of ozone during the decomposition of water by the galvanic current was also visibly illustrated. At the close of the lecture Professor Leeds pointed out the necessity of systematic observation upon atmospheric ozone in all parts of the country, and the great value of such observations in connection with the development and spread of disease.



Secret of a Beautiful Face.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles or a rough or discolored skin, should lose no time in procuring and applying LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York city, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful toilet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere.

A SIMILE.

BY S. E. T.

The boughs were crossing and lacing—black
  boughs against the blue—
And aye, as the wild winds tossed and chafed,
  glints of the sky peeped through;
Crossing and lacing ever, vexing the dreamy
  eye
That fain had dwelt in hushed content on
  the stainless depths of sky.

Closer I looked at the branches, all gaunt
  and black and bare,
And I saw, as the sunlight struck them, the
  pale buds sprouting there;
So, though life's quick cares and strivings
  trouble our upward sight,
Earth's joys are springing among them, and
  beyond is the heavenly light.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

Beltran sat at Beatrix's feet, his princely head and handsome face upraised to hers, the blue fathomless eyes full of passion, the handsome lips trembling with the sweetness of the words he uttered. The sunlight, filtered through the thick green boughs, fell upon them like a smile from Heaven. He began in a low rich voice that stirred her heart with a sweet passionate sense that was new to her:

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his
  bowers
News of dear friends, and children who
  have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for
  ever!
Alas, we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or will be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
  sings
In unison with ours, bending its future
  wings!"

When he stopped it seemed to her that a strain of sweet music had ceased.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Very much. Whose and what is it?"

"It is a little sonnet of Leigh Hunt's, called 'The Angel of the House,'" he replied. "Leigh Hunt has written some pretty lines. As we are resting here in the shade, poetry will not tire us. Looking at you, Miss Lennox, all kinds of quaint rhythms and lovely lines run through my mind. Here is another piece—one of Samuel Fletcher's:

'Lay a garland on my hearse
  Of the dismal yew.
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
  Say I died true.'

'My love was false, but I was firm
  From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
  Lightly, gentle earth.'

That is quite the old-time idea of melancholy, isn't it, Miss Lennox? Ah, see how times have changed! A lady now who is disappointed in love does not ask maidens to say she died true, or the earth to lie lightly on her. She goes into court and obtains damages to heal her wounded heart, or she marries another straight away, to show how little she cared for the first."

"Some women do that—not all," said Beatrix.

"No—not all; it would be too terrible were it so. I have great faith in women; I believe in them just as much as I reverence them. Miss Lennox, I like this Fairyland of ours."

"So do I," said Beatrix. "It will seem quite strange to go out into the garish light of day. How long have we been here? One solitary quarter of an hour; yet it seems to me an age since I came away from the lake."

"People do as they like in Fairyland," remarked Mr. Carew. "I am going to be very presumptuous; but you have perfect command over me—you can kill me with a frown if you will, you can frighten me so terribly with one cold look that I should never have the courage to speak to you again."

"I do not think I shall ever try to frighten you," said Beatrix.

"You have not yet heard my request, Miss Lennox. As I sit here, the odor of roses you are wearing comes to me like a message—a sweet message full of hope, full of promise. I am going to ask you if you will give me one—just one—the little one with the green leaves, which just touches the white lace you wear. Will you?"

"Yes," she replied.

Her face burned like flame as she unfastened it and gave it to him. He looked up at her suddenly.

"Have you ever given any one a flower before?" he asked.

"No," she replied simply.

"Then I shall treasure this one," he said. "Miss Lennox, here is a lovely little leaf—kiss it, will you?"

She took the flower from his hands and did as he requested.

"I did not think that I might presume so much," he said. "You are not angry with me, Miss Lennox?"

"Why should I be angry? We have made a fair exchange. You have recited some pretty poetry; I have given you a flower. For a tout—there is nothing to be angry about."

"But it is the first you have ever given," he said; "that makes it priceless."

Beatrix smiled and answered—

"I think we had better go back to everyday life again, Mr. Carew."

He had grown bolder, seeing she was so kind to him.

"I shall plead for ten minutes longer, Miss Lennox; and that reminds me of a story—a most painful one—I once heard in the course of my professional duties. A gentleman had an only daughter who fell in love with some young man beneath her in station and eloped with him. A few months after their marriage they fell into a state of the greatest poverty—poverty—poverty so great that after starving for a few days the young husband wrote to the father, telling him that they were ill from want of food. The father found a situation in some distant colony for the young man, and agreed to take his daughter home if they would promise to separate. They did so—it was their only resource to keep them from starvation—and then the father allowed the young husband to come and say good-bye to his wife. He allowed him five minutes—only five minutes. They were together alone, and the father stood at the door with his watch in his hand. Can you imagine the agony of those five minutes—the last kiss—the last word—the constant glance at the face of the clock to see how many seconds remained? Can you fancy it all, Miss Lennox?"

"I do not like to fancy it at all," she replied.

"I saw the poor lady years afterwards. the young husband had been long dead and buried then, but she could not bear a clock strike without terrible agitation."

Beatrix rose from her seat.

"You have spoiled my pleasure by telling me so sad a story," she said.

Mr. Carew must have lost his reason, for he stooped and kissed the hand that had given him the rose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Duchess of Elmslie had decided upon a fancy ball.

"I am tired of the usual routine balls," she said to Beatrix. "There are some beautiful women in London now, and I should like to utilise them—a fancy ball gives such scope. English people never will like masked balls, though they are the most amusing."

"I do not like them—I can see no amusement in mystery or intrigue," declared Beatrix; "but a fancy ball I should like if the people are clever and act up to their characters."

"I never invite stupid people, if I can help it," said the Duchess, with a sigh. "But the number of intelligent human beings is limited, as you will find out when you give a ball yourself, Beatrix."

"I shall never give balls," she told her.

"Yes, you will, my dear, when you are Duchess of Heathland. I predict that your balls will be better than any in London— you have so much originality, Beatrix."

"Who says I shall ever be Duchess of Heathland?" she demanded impatiently.

"All the world, my dear, and the Duke also. I say it who am your best friend, Lady Lennox says it, your uncle wishes it, the world expects it. Ah, child, I wish you well! I am your friend, and from my heart I advise you earnestly, kindly, sincerely, to marry the Duke."

It was seldom that the Duchess spoke in a tone of such emotion—she was usually so indifferent, so careless—but she was deeply moved now. There were tears in her eyes.

"I liked your father—bonnie, handsome 'Prince Charlie,'" she said; "and I liked you for his sake. Take my advice—if 'Prince Charlie' were living, he would say to you as I say—marry the Duke."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, touched by the words. "Do you really think if my father were living, it is what he would like?"

"I do indeed. You are beautiful and high spirited—you will adorn a high position—you will be wretched in a low one. I cannot telll you how earnestly I speak to you—how earnestly I advise. Marry the Duke. He loves you very much, and he is the best match in England. You could not do better—be advised."

Beatrix sighed. It was hard indeed that every one should urge her to marry the Duke, whom she liked, but for whom she had not the least love. She no longer said to herself with careless defiance that she loved no one. She would not plead guilty to having given away her affections, but something so new, so sweet, and so strange was stirring in her heart, something that she never examined, never analysed; all that she knew was that her life was brightened by knowing that it was there.

"I will think about it," she said hastily; "but I do not believe that I shall ever be Duchess of Heathland. I shall never marry a man I do not love. Let us talk about the ball—never mind the Duke."

"The Duke will be there," remarked her Grace. "Mrs. Carew wants you to go as 'A Lotus-Lily.' Your dress will be of shimmering white and blue, and you will wear a coronet of blue Nile lilies."

"No," said Beatrix; "I shall go as Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland."

"And a very beautiful queen you will be," observed the Duchess, longing to get away, so that she might tell the Duke of Heathland, whose firm ally she was.

It was not long before he called upon her and thanked her for her kindly efforts in his behalf.

"And you say that beautiful, wilful Beatrix Lennox will appear as the Queen of Scotland? Then I will be David Rizzio."

"That will be excellent," said the Duchess.

"Do you think the Queen of bonnie Scotland loved Rizzio," asked the Duke, whose notions of history were somewhat hazy; "or do you think she loved Lord Darnley best?"

"She could not have liked Darnley," replied the Duchess decidedly. "I should say the unhappy lady loved Rizzio best."

"Then Rizzio I will be," said the Duke. "Wish me success, Duchess. On the night of the ball I shall try to win a word of consent from my beautiful love."

It seemed to Beatrix that all the world was in a conspiracy against her. "Marry the Duke" was the one thing impressed upon her, was the one idea drilled into her morning, noon, and night; from mother, uncle, and friends. Of the advantages of the match and the good qualities of the Duke she was fairly tired of hearing.

"I am thankful to obtain an hour's rest with you," she said one morning to Mrs. Carew. "You are the only one I find tranquility with."

"How is that?" asked Mrs. Carew, who loved the girl for her beauty, her originality, and her frankness.

"You are the only one who does not try to persuade me to marry the Duke of Heathland," replied the candid, impulsive girl.

Mrs. Carew took her two hands in her own.

"Why do you not wish to marry the Duke?" she asked.

"Because I do not love him," was the reply.

"Then do not marry him, Miss Lennox. Do not marry any one whom you do not love—that is, if you wish to be happy. I could tell you a story of a loveless marriage, if I liked to talk about such things. I am not very wise in most respects; but, believe me, I am wise in this, that human love is the best, the brightest, and most precious gifts that has been given us, and those who barter it for gold, for power, or for any paltry ambition, make a terrible mistake."

"I begin to think so," said the girl sadly.

Even on that day she was destined to hear more about love and marriage. Lady Rayner, who had grown very attached to her, called on her during the afternoon. They had become most intimate friends and spent much time together.

"Beatrix," asked Lady Rayner, as they sat together in the heiress's charming little boudoir, "will you tell me if that which every one is saying be true?"

"What is it?" asked Miss Lennox, without the least idea of what her friend meant.

"Every one says that you are going to marry the Duke of Heathland. Is it true, Beatrix? I hope not, for your own sake."

"Now comes the other side of the question," thought Beatrix. Aloud she said, "Will you tell me why, Leola?"

"Because you do not love him—not in the least. I remember how tired you seemed to be of his society on the day of the Twickenham *fete*. Beatrix, girls never tire of the society of one they love."

"I know nothing about love," said Beatrix abruptly; and then she stopped short, and her face burned with blushes.

Were her words true? If she knew nothing of love, why had that one half-hour under the cedar-tree with Beltran Carew given a color to her life? Why had her hand burned, as though fire had touched, after his passionate kiss? She was so entirely truthful that she could not tolerate even giving a false impression.

"I mean," she said, correcting herself, "that I know very little."

"And that little," inquired Lady Rayner, "does it not teach you that you do not love the Duke?"

Beatrix stopped to think. She always liked to give a strictly truthful answer to every question. She thought of the half-hour with Mr. Carew, and she owned to herself that, if her companion had been the Duke, she should have been "tired and bored to death." As it was, the moments had flown so rapidly, so quickly.

"Well?" said Lady Rayner. "Are you obliged to stop and reflect before you answer?"

"Yes, Leola," she replied humbly—"and, brief as has been my reflection, it tells me that I do not love the Duke."

"Yet every one tries to persuade you to marry him—mother, uncle, and friends?"

"Yes," said Beatrix. "And that is not all. When I first met him, I did not dislike him—I do not now—and, when he asked me to marry him, he would not take 'No' for an answer."

"But you did surely say 'Yes'?" was the startled comment.

"No; I did not say either. He would not have 'No,' he said. I was young, and did not know my own mind or the world in which I lived. He asked me if I would let him be a suitor on sufferance—if I would tolerate his presence for a few months and try to like him. I promised to do so. The few months are rapidly passing, and I like him no better and no less. He is kind, good, and very patient—his patience attracts me more than anything else—but, as for loving him, I am quite sure, if love be what I think it is, I do not love him."

"We can soon tell," said Lady Rayner. "When he is away from you, do you count the hours that must pass before he returns?"

"No," answered Beatrix, "that I do not."

"When he is with you," continued Lady Rayner, "do you listen to him, and hear no other voice, look at him, and see no other face?" Does he fill the whole wide universe for you?"

"No," replied Beatrix. "When he is with me, I am generally looking forward to the time when he will be gone."

"That is conclusive," declared Lady Rayner. "Do not marry him. No matter who tries to persuade you, who entreats you, be resolute, and say 'No.' The most hapless, helpless, wretched women on this earth are the women who marry without love."

Beatrix looked at the lovely face.

"All women do not say so, Leola. The Duchess, Mrs. Carden—all such people laugh at it. They consider it childish nonsense."

An expression of great bitterness came over the fair patrician face.

"I know; they talked to me in the same strain. I believed them. Do not make the same mistake, Beatrix." The speaker's face burned with a passionate flush. "I am young," she said, "and I hate my life—I am young, and I look with unutterable dread to the years before me. I am so wretched and so helpless that at this moment I would fain lie down and die." She wrung her hands and gave a low passionate cry. "Oh, my lost, dead, buried love!" Then she suddenly recovered herself. "We will not talk any more about it; but do not let them persuade you, Beatrix. Promise me."

"No one shall persuade me," replied the young girl firmly. "I shall do what is right, come what may."

"Do not wreck your life on the same rock that I split mine on," said Lady Rayner. "Beatrix, do you know that I like the Duke? I admire him very much; there is something so gentle and chivalrous about him. He is a man whom I should choose for a friend—and I am sorry that you cannot care for him. Now about the fancy-ball. You go as Marie Stuart. Advise me. I want something uncommon—what shall it be? I am tired of 'Night,' 'Snow,' or 'A Gipsy.'"

"Try the dress of Marguerite—Faust's Marguerite, Leola. You look like her, with your fair face and golden hair."

"Well thought of, Beatrix! I will be Marguerite. I could bring a Mephistopheles with me if I chose, but I will not. I hope there will be a Faust."

"I have never seen a fancy-ball," remarked Beatrix; "but I am afraid, in my dreadfully earnest way of doing everything, that I shall forget altogether that I am Beatrix Lennox, and fancy that I am Marie Stuart. I love Marie Stuart; she was young, beautiful, a queen, and unhappy."

"Who will be Rizzio, I wonder?" said Lady Rayner.

Beatrix looked up startled.

"I do not know—no one, I hope. I should not like to see a Rizzio. The original may have been quite innocent, and have loved his beautiful young queen only after his own poetical fashion; but he brought scandal upon her name, and I can never forgive him for that."

"Of all love, poetical, artistic love is the most dangerous," said Lady Rayner. "You may rely upon it, Beatrix, as soon as poetry mingles with love the play is ended."

Beatrix, remembering the half-hour under the cedar-tree, grew crimson with a sense of wonder and shame.

Lady Rayner said nothing, but she had her suspicions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Duchess of Elmslie's fancy-ball was to be her last gathering of the season, and she exerted all her powers over it. The whole of the superb suite of rooms at Elmslie House was thrown open. The ball-room had always been considered one of the finest in London. It was large, lofty, and beautifully decorated; the ceiling was painted, the walls seemed to be all gilding and mirrors. The Duchess had decided that there was to be nothing of the ordinary type about the ball. For a crowd of gorgeously-dressed people she wanted a green background; so the grand mirrors and twisted pillars were shrouded with green foliage of every kind, and the effect was magnificent. Light blazed in hundreds of beautiful lamps, each shining like a huge pearl amidst the green foliage; great groups of red and white roses formed pretty bowers, and the scented fountains, filling the air with spray, added to the beauty of the scene.

The Duchess, as she looked round, felt quite sure of a success. No one could help being brilliant and happy in such a room. She herself was prepared to enjoy the ball quite as much as her guests. She studied comfort, and did not affect the dress and manners of a young girl. "I shall never be a sylph again," she would say with a sigh and a good-natured smile. With good grace she resigned herself to the inevitable. The character she had assumed for the evening was that of Henrietta Maria, the wife of King Charles I. The costume suited her, and the Duchess of Elmslie looked better than she had looked for many a year. She was pleased that her ball had been much talked of. The fashionable papers had repeatedly inserted paragraphs to the effect that such and such a costume would be magnificent. The aristocratic world was on the *qui vive*. Those who were going were happy, outsiders affected to slight the entertainment; but the Duchess had been true to her text—she had asked no one who was not celebrated for talent, beauty, or some special gift of body or mind. The result was a gathering of the most exclusive description.

"Prince Charlie's" daughter stood for a few moments at the grand entrance to the ball-room. Her beautiful eyes had wearied of splendor; she had seen so much of gaiety, of fashion and *fetes*, that she had tired of them. But this was something more brilliant, more beautiful, more bewildering than aught she had seen yet.

"It is like a page from the *Arabian Nights*," she said to her mother; and indeed it was a most gorgeous scene. The lovely mellow light fell upon the fair faces, the costly picturesque dresses, the gleaming jewels of the ladies—upon the velvet and satins, the diamonds and jewelled costumes of the men. There were queens, gypsies, kings, foresters in green doublet with silver horn; there was Maria Antoinette, the lovely Austrian queen, in azure velvet and pearls, talking to the Black Prince—a tall handsome man, who seemed to admire her Majesty very much; there was Queen Elizabeth evidently flirting with Robin Hood, Queen Anne dancing with Richard of the Lion Heart; there were Crusaders bearing the red cross, but looking as unfit to fight as the real Crusaders would have been unfit to dance; there was Juliet laughing gaily with Othello, Joan of Arc looking dreadfully uncomfortable in a hemlet. Most characters of note, either in history or in fiction, seemed to be represented, and the sight was gorgeous in the extreme.

There was a murmur of admiration as Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland, entered in her long trailing black velvet dress, her white veil, her cap with its border of diamonds, a diamond girdle circling her slender waist. The queenly dress suited the royal beauty of its wearer to perfection, with her tall youthful figure and sweet face. It seemed as though some of the hapless young queen's playful coquetry and grace had been infused into Beatrix. There was but one opinion. The other mimic queens were fair to see, but the Queen of Scotland was queen of this *fete*.

The first person whom Beatrix saw after she had received the compliments of the Duchess was Lady Rayner, who looked very fair and sweet in her costume of Marguerite. They formed a beautiful contract.

"Your Majesty will have some weighty State affairs to settle this evening," said Lady Rayner, with a smile. "I have seen—but I had better not tell you what I have seen."

"Leola, do not tease me; let me be near you," entreated Beatrix. "I am half bewildered in this scene. Who is that tall lady in the flowered brocade and patches?"

"Lady Coventry, *alias* Miss Gorton Reeves," replied Lady Rayner; "and report says—But I forget; you do not like gossip."

"No, I do not," returned Beatrix quickly. "Is that Philip van Artevelde?"

"Yes; you are clever at discerning the different characters."

"My histories were illustrated," said Beatrix, so simply that Lady Rayner laughed more heartily than she had laughed for some time.

"I am not jesting," remarked Beatrix. "They were really illustrated, and so I know all these costumes perfectly well."

"Do you know this one coming?" asked Lady Rayner, laughing again; and Beatrix, looking in the direction she indicated, saw the Duke of Heathland dressed as Rizzio coming towards her.

A little cry of dismay escaped from her lips.

"How could he know, Leola?" she asked. "Who could have told him?"

There was no time to answer. The Duke was bowing before her, and Lady Rayner, still laughing heartily, had turned away.

"How happy I am," said the Duke "to serve so fair a queen—the light of bonnie Scotland! Ah me, I wish—how I wish—that I knew the fashion in which the knights of those days wooed the ladies they loved!"

"It was after a very rude fashion, I think," replied Beatrix. "They carried them away by force or stole them by strategy. Such wooing, as you call it, would scarcely answer now."

"I should not mind resorting to strategy," said the Duke, but something in the beautiful face prevented him from following up so bold a remark. "What anachronisms!" he said, looking round. "Do you see Cleopatra and the Zouave?"

"Yes," Beatrix laughed. "What a mad dream it is—how strange! I like it—I admire it. What trouble all the people have given themselves to have their costumes complete!"

Then she glanced at the Duke himself. He looked very handsome. The doublet of black velvet with the dainty white frill suited him. He looked every inch an aristocrat—tall, proud, and stately.

"You have chosen a very handsome costume," she said gently. "What made you think of Rizzio?"

"What makes me think of everything and at the same time forget everything? You, Miss Lennox—you, my liege-lady, sovereign."

"Who told you what my dress was to be?" she asked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Nobleman's Meal.—In one of the Paston letters, written in the days of Henry VI., the writer gives this as the frugal fare supplied to an earl and his countess for breakfast on the day succeeding Ash Wednesday—"One large loaf in trenchers, two manchettes [shall loaves of the finest white flour,] a quart of wine, two quarts of beer, two large pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, and a dish of sprats."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Ancient Writing.—In the convent of Dominican monks at Bologna are two books of Esdras, written on asses' skins, said to have been written by Esdras himself. The ancient Persians wrote on hides from which the hair was scraped. The shepherds wrote their songs with thorns upon straps of leather, which they wound round their crooks.

Musical Fish.—Round the coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, may be found musical fish. Their song—if it can be called a song—is not one sustained note like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. In the harbor of Bombay there is another species of fish producing a sound like an Æolian harp.

Origin of the Merchant Tailors.—It is related that in the reign of Henry IV. the King was attended at some procession by the City Companies, when a dispute arising as to which Company should take the precedence, they were nearly coming to blows; his Majesty, however, hearing the disturbance, cried out "March on, Tailors;" and from that time they have been styled Merchant Tailors.

A Singular Arabian Custom.—When an Arab widow intends marrying again, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to the grave of her first husband. There she kneels, and prays him not to be offended. The widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins of water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave, and, having well saturated it, she departs.

The Saltarella.—This Italian dance was formerly a great favorite amongst the higher classes of Rome. It is a very expressive, lively dance. A girl begins by tripping on the "light fantastic toe" with considerable vivacity, and waving her muslin apron; her admirer turns round her, dancing all the while; he appears to pursue her while she avoids him either by describing a semicircle as she retreats, or by forbidding his approach with her apron; then, as if offended, the lover turns his back upon her with a saltatory motion, and it is now her turn to soothe him; at first he avoids her as she avoided him; but at length he approaches, and wheels about, clapping his hands with a triumphant air, and they perform a [illegible] facing each other. The end of the dance is greeted by more or less applause, according to the degree of grace displayed by the performers.

High Foreheads.—The notion that high foreheads, in women as well as men, are indispensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology, and is going out with the decline of that pretentious and plausible "science." Not long ago, more than one "fine lady" shaved her head to give it an "intellectual" appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead, probably originated in the same mistaken ambition. When it is considered that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look—that from *Frons* (forehead) comes the word "effrontery," it will not be wondered that the ancient painters, sculptors, and poets, considered a low forehead "a charming thing in woman," and indeed indispensable to female beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead, and Martial commends the same grace as decidedly as he praises the arched eyebrow.

Beer in Olden Times.—Ale and beer were first made without hops, which were unknown in England till about 1524. An old writer says:

"Hops, reformation, bays, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

According to an ancient Saxon dialogue, wine was with the people the drink of the "elders and the wise," while the common people drank "ale if they had it, water if they had it not." The brewer of bad ale in the earliest Anglo-Saxon times was consigned to the ducking chair or fined for his neglect. In the thirteenth century the price of beer was regulated according to that of wine and corn. In the sixteenth century beer was very cheap. No less than twenty-three thousand gallons were drunk at a single entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. The monasteries in early times brewed the best ale; even the halls of colleges were not less celebrated for their beer than their learning. Thus initiated, the brewery became an early requisite with our ancestors.

London Exquisites in 1818.—Green, brown, light blue, and light grey body coats were then the rage, studded with fancy buttons. The collars were very low, the waists long, and the skirts long and thin. Waistcoats of light canary and other fancy patterns were all worn exceedingly short, and trousers extended very little below the knee. Hats of most fantastic shape were worn, with turned up brim, and, if white, with green edges, disclosing stiff-curled side locks. Every man, young and middle-aged, whether near sighted or not, wore a quizzing glass of gold, and carried a thin cane or riding-whip. White cravats of immense height and stiffness were the rage, many of which were got up by a famous laundress of Shrewsbury, (and in most fantastic fashion), the groom's and coachman's knot being the favorite. Over these stiff and spotless "chokers" a thick black ribbon was tied, and from this depended the gold eye-glass, the shirt collar covering half the cheeks. The women wore immense bonnets of Leghorn straw, short sleeves, and waists terminating with the armpits. They also frequently wore glasses, and carried immense reticules.

The Russian Manner of Doing It.—They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each set by itself, and as silent as a band of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing she waves her handkerchief in token of consent; the youth advances, takes a corner of the kerchief in his hand, and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braid, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure, and the price of merit to this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by the spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, the mother of Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged in Washington for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, died on the 7th inst., aged 87 years.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A proud man is like the clack of a mill when it is empty.

Read not books alone, but men; and be careful to read thyself.

The credit that is got by a lie lasts only till the truth comes out.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

Motives are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first.

We should do well to take counsel from the wise and warning from the foolish.

When the character of any one is discussed, silence in the good natured is censure.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortunes, his difficulties do not soon terminate.

How immensely would our conversation be abridged if all mankind would speak only the truth.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.

Abuse is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

"Do come and see us!" sounds very well, but how much heart is there in it in nine cases out of ten?

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

If you turn away from worthy men because they are humbly clad, they can boast that you cut their coat and pantaloons.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

He who sports compliments, unless he knows how to take a good aim, may miss his mark and be wounded by the recoil of his own gun.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other were to do it openly!

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul to prosperity.

Time weighs wearily on most men's minds. The days seem too long; but most of the expedients for shortening a man's day shorten his days.

All prosperous men can give good counsel, and they like to do it; it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against fasting, when the stomach is full.

Saving is a habit—like smoking, or taking snuff, or like extravagance. If you begin it and go on with it for a little time, you come to have a passion for it.

In most quarrels there is fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark. Either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.

Humility is a virtue that all preach, few practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 15, 1878.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
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NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

NEVER had the POST a greater number of fascinating serials running in its columns than now.

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NOVELTIES in serials and short stories are guaranteed by the proprietors of the POST to its readers, and every number shows a wide variety and a careful discrimination as regards the individual tastes of each of its patrons.

IN our magnificent oleograph, "The Yellowstone," it will be noticed the warm tones predominate, and that there is a breadth of effect which creates a feeling akin to poetry. In "The White Mountains" this effect is reversed, and we have brooding storm, gray and purple tints, and the physical contrast of the other painting.

THE POST would thank its many contemporaries who copy its original matter, to pay at least the small tribute of crediting the same to its proper source. A great deal of our "Facetiæ" and "Sanctum Chat," both distinct and thoroughly original features of our paper, have been appropriated by good meaning and live journals, who have in the hurry of editorial business, no doubt, forgotten to pay the POST the proper courtesy.

"ON DANGEROUS GROUND," by Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, which begins in this number, will be found a surprising work of fiction. It is boldly written, and yet its style is ornate and broad, and this very style carries the thoughts of the inspired authoress as clearly and intelligibly as fervid speech. The novel is a sermon dedicated to the whole human race, who are lured by its entrancing style and its absorbing narrative into the keenest appreciation of the hero and heroine of the book.

FASHION NOTES. To dress well is an art and our lady readers are grateful for the energetic efforts of the editor of the department of "Fashion Notes" in her successful attempt to embody the best results of the dress-making art, into the space it occupies. The theory of this art, if not its practice, is to be learned from these weekly dissertations of the able editor upon the science of toilette, and there is no paper, periodical, or magazine in the country which takes such an interest in the wishes and necessities of its lady patrons as the POST does. All queries will be answered with promptness and pleasure, and all information which is at all to be obtained respecting the laws of fashion will be embodied in this most successful department of our paper.

IT is too often the opinion of people that the thinkers and dreamers, as they are called—the men who seem to do nothing, yet do everything—are not of much use in the machinery of life, and that the men of action are the only useful individuals and the only ones who create enterprise and build up settlements and nations. On the contrary, the men of action are the mere slaves of the men of thought. The great thinkers rule the world with a more potent sway than kings. It is the idea which stimulates the energy to work; and the inventors, the scientists, the philosophers, the artists, the poets, the musicians, all are monarchs, whose reign is immortal, and whose sceptres compel us to be slaves in carrying out and interpreting the great ideas which they have created. Let us be careful about calling men dreamers who seem to do nothing but sit and think. In the very act of so called dreaming a thought may be evolved which will call into action armies of working men, business men, capital, labor, and prosperity. It is a good thing to dream good dreams.

RECREATION.

The grave question of the present day, when men are straining every nerve, not only naturally but artificially—by the use of stimulants—to reach a certain goal of fortune, is whether business ought to be a pleasure of itself to those who pursue it, or, whether it ought to be restricted to certain hours and times, and pleasure follow it. In a certain sense all business ought to be pleasure to the business man, and the word recreation ought therefore to be considered only as a memorial of antiquity—of those times when energy and enterprise, dash, daring, cheek, and stubborn perseverance did not win the day as they do in our time. Therefore, the strictly business man cares little for mere recreation. He is anxious that his wife and children should have a vacation, and plenty of fresh air and comfort and rest, but he does not think of these things for himself, inasmuch as his whole life and being are wrapped in the excitement of business; and were it not for the good wives of many of our overjaded merchants, lawyers, and journalists there would be no such thing as recreation for them. As it is, the wives, ever anxious for their husbands' comforts, entice them away to the shore or the mountains, or across the ocean, and thus recuperate the wearing energies of their lords.

To be sure, a man's business ought always to be his pleasure, yet there is such a thing as overwork, and no professional men suffer more from this than the active and leading lawyers, physicians, and journalists. To them business is a keen delight. No one who does not love any of the above professions can ever succeed in them, and through the very devotion of the business man to the day and night labor of his office, he is apt to overdo the thing and succumb when he least expects it, through sheer exhaustion and overwork. Not only do the men of these special professions suffer from this cause, but men of other professions—merchants and manufacturers—who have enormous responsibilities upon their shoulders, and who really crave rest and recreation, and if they only knew how to obtain it in the intervals of their accumulating work, how thankful they would be.

Therefore, recreation is a necessity of nature. It is the only thing to recuperate the wasted, unnerved organism, and really to recreate it, to restore it to its former tone, elasticity and power, and to enable it to fulfill higher functions. Every man, woman and child needs it, craves for it, and struggles for it as if the soul was at war with anything which opposed such a necessity to its progress. And recreation and rest being a natural necessity of labor-worn mortals, like sleep, it behooves communities to encourage it. There should be more holidays, less hours of labor, and more hours for calm reflection, less dismal night work, and more of the blessed evening given to music, conversation, and social intercourse, less striving for emulation in commerce, and more of the patience which ought to teach the immortal maxim of "Learn to labor and to wait." There is, however, so much to be done, and such little time in which to do it, that such a maxim as, "Scorn delights and live laborious days," finds favor with the great energetic class. Rather let us take life quietly—as in the old world, the overworked old world which manages to work fiercely and to enjoy calmly—to have its hours, its days of labor, and its hours and days of recreation; which, acting upon the principle that all motion springs from rest and all rest from motion, spends its best energies in triumphant work and its best seasons in festival and songs of rejoicing, takes its holiday and its workday, and renews its giant strength in rest, that its strength may grow and its energies increase. Let us then have more leisure days, more hilarity and sunshine in our lives.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN the Dhammapada, or sacred books of Buddha, occurs this legend: During a famine a holy man got up early one morning, and putting on his robe, took his alms-dish in his hand and entered the city of Benares, where he begged from door to door. He obtained nothing, so he went home again, and washed his alms-bowl and sat down. Now there was in Benares a certain poor man, who had watched the holy man and seen that he received nothing. So he went to him and invited him to his house to share all that he had, which was just one measure of coarse cockle-seed. A servant girl whose mistress had refused to relieve a squalid old man, ugly and graceless, begged her daily portion of meal and gave it in charity to the man; "for," said she, "in holy men one does not look for comeliness of person, but for purity of heart."

TRAVELLERS say that the Turks are very cleanly and decent in the method of conducting their meals. A Turk does not eat until about eleven o'clock, when a somewhat substantial breakfast is brought him, consisting of soup, bread, cheese, and a plate of hashed meat mixed with vegetables. Dinner is the next meal, at seven in the evening. When dinner is announced, a servant brings in a metal ewer and basin and pours water over the hands of the guests, presenting a towel, often prettily embroidered. A low table is then brought in and upon this a metal tray is placed, on which are spoons and pieces of bread. First course—soup, each person dipping his spoon into it, eating from what may be termed the soup-tureen. Then comes fish, then hashed meat and vegetables, and fowl so cooked as to render its division easy. No wine is drunk, but on State occasions and festivals delicious sherbets are handed around. At the close of the dinner the servant reappears with soap, water and towels; the water being warmed and scented. Coffee and pipes follow.

IN the present Royal Academy Exhibition in London, that celebrated painter, Alma Tadema, has a life-sized study of a female model posing for a sculptor. Breton Reviere has a picture representing a little girl sent out to sit on the stairs as a punishment, while a half-grown dog leans familiarly against her, and looks up into her eyes with true dog sympathy. A Miss Clara Montalba has one of the best marine pictures, it is said, on exhibition. The American artists are well represented. Bierstadt, Hennessy, Winslow, Homer, and F. A. Bridgeman have excellent and expressive works. The latter artist has a fine work called "The Waning of the Honeymoon," a couple seated on the opposite ends of a bench, among the trees in autumn, each reading a book, quite careless of the other's presence.

THE present method of conveying passengers to and from a given point by steamer and railroad, will be looked upon at no distant time as a very clumsy contrivance, indeed. When one considers the enormous worth of power, the great weight of the engine which produces this power and that of the train it drags, one will consider what is needed to radically cure all such impediments to locomotion. If power can be used in a different shape, which is the great desideratum of science at present, then we could have less uncumbersome and unwieldy machinery, and less wear and tear of track surface. But to say that such an invention is not likely in the future, is to accuse mankind of retrograding. After the phonograph, telephone, and electric candle, any and all things are possible to science.

ITALY has a gifted genius by the name of Nicolo Corridi, who advertises "to furnish in twenty-four hours a complete comedy, in forty-eight hours a tragedy or libretto of an opera, in seventy two hours an entire poem in stanzas of six verses, with the exclusion of any particular letter or letters of the alphabet." It apparently takes Nicolo a much longer time to write a poem than a tragedy, and a comedy is to him a mere nothing to accomplish. Tears, sighs and blood take him just twice as long to immortalize as broad grins and "laughter holding both its sides." In other words, by his own reckoning he can make you laugh in half the time he could make you cry, and of course one of his tragedies is worth, if time is money, two of his comedies; and the value of an epic poem, three comedies, or a tragedy and a half.

ON the walls of an Eastern Caliphate, in characters of the purest, brightest gold, once sparkled and flashed like flame this beautiful and suggestive text, "*Life is only a dream and a wish.*" The inspired Arabian who indicted this golden line was indeed a poet. Verily, a dream and a wish! The past, a dim dream, a vague memory of failures; the future, a wish, something to be desired, something earnestly longed for—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." The dead past—a silent hall hung with faded tapestries—a valley through which we long and wearily have journeyed with wounded feet—it is already obscured with the purple vapors of the night. The future—a wish for the morn and the light—an exaltation of the spirit that ardently desires, as it casts its vision upon the far away golden peaks bordering crimson cloud-land. To dream and to wish—to fall into slumber and have the wish gratified in phantasy—to waken with only a keener thirst for wishing, and then into dreamfulness again, until the great fulfillment of God's promise.

IT may interest those who admire and revere the great Titan of German literature, Goethe, that the manuscript of a hitherto unpublished poem has just been found. In 1839 the script was given to Emil du Bois Reymond, the well-known German physiologist, by Professor Alfred Nicolovius, a grandson of Goethe's favorite sister, Cornelia. Du Bois Reymond supposed that the verses were, of course, to be found in the *Westostliche Divan*, and so never looked for them there. He happened to quote them in the laboratory one day in the presence of his assistant, Dr. Boll, who was a lover of Goethe, and who did not recognize them. Dr. Boll did not find them in any edition of Goethe's works, and when they were shown to Herr. G. Von Loeper, a great authority on matters relating to Goethe, he pronounced them to be unpublished. The hand-writing is undoubtedly that of the poet. They have been translated into English in a poor way, and, in fact, the verses are not very remarkable ones in the original.

As a specimen of funny criticism, take the following from that Turveydrop of a paper, *The Nation*: A correspondent from London, speaking of Millais' portrait of Lord Shaftsbury, at the Royal Academy exhibition, says: "Lord Shaftsbury's face is an excellent example of the British countenance, as in nine cases out of ten this unmitigable mask presents itself to foreign observation. That Biblical countenance which has the privilege of imitating the lively perception of the Latin, Slav, and other Bohemian races; very dry on one side, but on the other inspiring unlimited confidence." Now, if anybody will interpret this stuff and tell us what a "Biblical countenance" is, and tell us also how it "imitates the lively perception of Latin, Slav, and other Bohemian races; (by the way, we never yet knew the Latins were Bohemians) and also how it can be "*dry on one side*," and yet inspire "unlimited confidence" on the other, we shall be as grateful as lovers of a pure style ought to be.

The grace of kindness is destroyed if we at first cautiously withhold a favor, and afterwards reluctantly grant it; for thereby we provoke the pride of refusal, and purchase disdain instead of gratitude.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—IX.

COMPILED BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND" BY B. S. L.—ITS VINDICATION AND JUSTIFICATION BY THE LATE JOHN S. HART, L. L. D.

To the charge of having drawn the scenes from actual events, the author states that with the exception of a scene in chapter IV., at the Opera House in Philadelphia, that there is not one real occurrence in the book. She has answered this charge as follows in her preface to the fifth edition:

"It has been stated that the author has drawn her characters from real life. She does not deny that certain events, which came to her knowledge, were used as a framework for her story, but not one character in it was drawn from life. The fact that the names of nearly a score of persons have been given, in various cities, as the original Mrs. Arthur Grey, proves that the writer, in her humble attempt to interest and instruct her readers, has only met with the same experience which the luminaries of literature have again and again encountered. Dickens' portrayal of Dotheboys Hall brought upon him an avalanche of letters from masters of schools, accusing the author of having taken his scenes from their respective Dotheboys Halls.

The asserted recognition of Charlotte Bronte's three curates in Shirley, and of George Eliot's characters in Middlemarch, are also illustrations of the fact that great writers have the same attacks to encounter as those of little note. It is not strange that readers, who are ignorant of an author's method of work, should look for characters drawn from real life, when they find familiar scenes described; for how can they comprehend that gift which enables the author to create types out of the blended intensity of a sympathetic nature and a vivid imagination?"

To those who have asserted that some scenes in the romance were made too alluring, from the fact that its author did not express her own condemnation of them, she replies, in the same preface:

"The author has been censured for not having expressed her disapproval of scenes which, it is asserted, are more alluring than repelling; and she has also been held responsible for the opinions of some of her characters. Not many years ago, a certain professor of literature in England declared that he would not believe in the honesty of Shakespeare, because Falstaff laughed at honor. This little incident shows the calibre of the professor's mind.

The author wrote her story without sermonizing or moralizing, believing, as she religiously did that she was developing some of those great truths which filled her mind to overflowing, and hoping that the seed thus planted would spring up, blossom, and bear fruit. 'The best moral training is not that which diligently shuts out all knowledge of the world, but that which teaches self-control, ability to resist evil and cleave to the good, to fight and overcome temptation, and to be actively virtuous.' The author still dares to hope that many of her readers have found these lessons in her story. Still, as the impressions made by a book are as diverse as the minds of its readers, and as those impressions or opinions must necessarily depend upon whether the experiences of life have been broad or narrow, there may be some readers who have asked the question, 'What is the use of writing of such evils; is it not better to ignore them?' This is the answer: 'Vices laid open to the public cautery are in a much better condition for being cured than those which are permitted to fester in semi-secrecy for personal or class considerations.'

Says an American journalist: 'The only possible safeguard for evil practices is secrecy. So long as public attention can be diverted from them they flourish with impunity; but the moment they become notorious, shame sets up an effectual barrier to keep away those who are not hopelessly perverted.'"

Rev. Charles Kingsley's words come in most aptly here, in answer to the same question:

"If things are not going right, can it be anything but good for us to see that they are not going right? Can truth and fact harm any human being? I shall not believe so as long as I have a Bible wherein to believe."

Those persons who have found any "vulgarity," "nastiness," or "immorality" in the book, receive little notice from the author in her preface. "Others," she says, "may even have taken the same exceptions to this romance which some of the readers of 'Jane Eyre' took to that novel, pronouncing it immoral in its tendencies, and characterized by vulgarity. Charlotte Bronte, speaking of such critics, said, 'I invariably found them individuals in whom the animal largely preponderated over the intellectual, persons by nature coarse, by inclination sensual, whatever they might be by education and principle.'"

This seems to apply to the reviewers of "On Dangerous Ground," who wrote the notices that appeared in *The Tribune*, *The Nation*, and *The Literary World*, as well as to those readers who pronounced the book unfit to be read by those for whom it was written: namely, our young and pure American women.

Next, the author takes up the charge that she has pictured our best American society, (instead of only one phase of it); and, therefore, has most unpatriotically attacked American social life.

In answer to this charge, she continues, in her preface:

"Many readers of 'On Dangerous Ground' and some reviewers, have endeavored to disseminate the idea that the author has attacked what is called our best society. Had such readers and reviewers given the slightest attention to the quotation upon the title-page, no explanation would be necessary. 'It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public.' Were any other proof necessary that the author had no idea of confining her types of character to such as are found in what is called the best society, Chapter IX, Part II, demonstrates to the reader that the author has not so confined herself. Although, when she recalls instances where persons of social influence and position have shown themselves wanting in those 'hall-marks'* of gentle breeding that to the initiated are as unerring as the marks upon old silver, one cannot but acknowledge that bad-breeding may be and is found everywhere; while good-breeding, as Prosper Merimee says, is not 'limited to the Faubourg St. Germain.'

Human nature is the same everywhere, and there is no society, no circle, without some 'black sheep;' no class so exclusive as to be able to keep out unprincipled men and women; but the greater the refinement—the higher the cultivation of a class, the greater is its responsibility, and the more power will it possess to control that outward manifestation of corrupt principles and bad-breeding that shocks the minds and feelings of those who are not themselves unrefined and corrupt. The reason why the most flagrant cases of want of principle seem to be found, both at home and abroad, in what is called 'the best society,' arises from the fact that the social position of the individuals concerned is more elevated, and therefore more noticeable.

We all know that in no land is domestic life purer than in our own; that it is the fast school here, as elsewhere, that introduces into it its dangerous elements. As the London *Times* says, 'It is vitiating the tone, undermining the character, and corrupting the whole atmosphere of society.' Up to the present time we have been spared in America (in our most refined and highly cultivated circles at least) such disgusting scandals as London high-life has from time to time disclosed. But these 'fast' women who have cast discredit upon American society at home and abroad need all the checks that can be imposed upon them, to prevent our divorce courts from emulating those of England in the offensive details of their cases.

These journalists, who, by the score, are drawing attention to the need of certain social reforms, are not seeking reformation in individual cases any more than does the author, but both journalist and novelist may try to lead men and women of influence to exert themselves to raise society to the highest possible standard of sound morals and good manners. At least, attention thus drawn to these evils has a tendency to place a check upon those whose pernicious examples influence the young and giddy; too often leading them astray before their judgment is sufficiently matured to shadow forth to them the inevitable end of the path they have chosen. As a stone, thoughtlessly thrown into a pool of water breaks its placid surface into ever-widening circles, so one example may influence for good or for evil the moral condition of a whole community. If journalists are allowed to draw attention to this general relaxing of social restraints, may not novelists depict the evils that arise from loveless marriages; showing life as it is when entered upon by those in whom exist that sympathy and congeniality which is essential to the close companionship of married life; and last, but not least, may they not strive to awaken to a sense of their duties those who, while they hold the fast school in abhorrence, are trying to ignore its existence, asserting that the least that is said about it the better?

Must the novelist be silent from patriotic motives, and the journalist be allowed to speak in such plain terms? The novelist, in whose pen lies the power to describe the downward road from its first to its last step, must she, for 'personal or class considerations,' hold back the lessons which romance can be made to convey to the minds of the young? If she has the true inspiration, and if convinced that God has given her 'her one talent' to use, and not to fold away in a napkin, she will say with Dr. Cumming: 'Were newspapers more able than the *Saturday Review* to attack any book I write, and any sentiment I hold, I shall not be moved a hair's breadth from a course which I believe to be dutiful to man and right in the sight of God.'

'This man blasphemes, this man is immoral, is what the world says of those who utter unwelcome truths in unwilling ears.'

The fast school is a vulgar school. They who portray its scenes cannot hope to escape the charge of vulgarity from the ignorant, the prejudiced, the narrow-minded, and from all who are not able to understand that when a writer has great truths to develop she must choose such characters as will best serve her ends, although they may not be such as predominate in real life. She cannot show up folly, and worse than folly, by depicting the characters of the wise and good. She will not create ideal men and ideal women to show us what they ought to be, but she will show us what they really are; how they struggle with temptation, overcoming it, or being overcome by it, as the case may be; no creature all saint, no creature all sinner; but all free agents, each left to the work of forming its own character and accomplishing its own destiny.

'Never by lapse of time, the soul defaced by crime,
Into its former self returns again;
For every guilty deed holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.'

Will not the young girl who still holds her fate in her own keeping, pause and take into consideration the revolting nature of the discipline of a marriage where there is no love upon the woman's side?—how it eats away the health of her moral life as decay eats the heart of some bud before it has blossomed into a rose?

'We have no kind of sympathy,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'with the woes of young women who sell themselves to hateful husbands.' And yet there are no woes that should receive more compassion than those of the young girl who, knowing nothing of the sacred mysteries of her being, sells herself, or is sold by her parents, to 'a hateful husband,' thus entering upon that demoralizing life which fits her to fill the place of one more fast woman in society. The ever-increasing frequency of these sacrifices makes it 'far more to be wondered at that so many women are virtuous than that a very few should go astray,' as says the London *World*.

The author cannot close her preface without returning thanks to those reviewers of 'On Dangerous Ground' (strangers to her nearly every one of them) who, although only reading it after the manner of reviewers—cursorily, as those must read who undertake the herculean task of reviewing all the books that appear—have yet possessed that clearness of intellect and quickness of discernment which have enabled them to write in behalf of the moral worth of her book. Their reviews, together with the letters of kindly appreciation of her motives, that she has received, more than repay her for the few wounding misrepresentations that her work has encountered. Its literary success would have been valueless to her had its integrity not been established.

Emile de Girardin says, 'Quand on est aime par ceux qu'on estime, on se console aisement d'etre calomnie par ceux qu'on meprise.'"—Preface to fifth edition of "On Dangerous Ground."

* "The essence of gentle manners is self-restraint out of consideration to others; the essence of gentle breeding is culture and the refinement which springs from culture." Even in so small a matter as the wording of a regret, the writer evinced her culture or want of culture.

THE PROPER THING.

Foremost in the ranks of despots of our own creating may be mentioned that allegorical personage, Mrs. Grundy, who, though an unseen power, seems to be armed with all the force and subtlety of a dreaded tyrant. Her kindred partake of the same nature. Some are recognized facts, and known by special names; others are nameless, and perhaps not even supposed to exist; but all are powerful and all are to be dreaded.

Ancient as Mrs. Grundy—generally living side by side with her among civilized races—is that great uncompromising tyrant called the Proper Thing; though among barbarous tribes neither Mrs. Grundy nor the Proper Thing is to be found, because both spring from the corruption of a refined instinct—the instinct of order and decorum. Races semicivilized and overcivilized—terms which mean nearly the same thing—are most subject to the capricious influences of this tyrant. But wherever the slightest improvement has been made on complete savagery, there the gallant has appeared upon it, so that a few wild Bush tribes seem to be the only portions of the human family over whom the Proper Thing has not more or less extended sceptre.

The forms assumed by the Proper Thing in various regions are of infinite variety, and sometimes even more startling than ludicrous. In certain of the South Sea Islands, for instance, it is the Proper Thing for children to kill their parents when verging on old age; and the parents are quite agreeable to the practice, which derives its power from religious belief, as the tyrant's dictates often do in heathen countries. In China the Proper Thing has been a terrible autocrat. There, women's feet have been reduced to the shape and size of a nutmeg, and mandarins' nails lengthened to a proportionate enormity—all out of deference to the Proper Thing, which to them means being idle, and known to be idle. There, awe of the imperial presence has made it indispensable to "nine times knock the noddle," and we know how a British representative was applauded in England for refusing to perform that ceremony, or conform to the exigencies of the Proper Thing as by law established in China. It stalks across the lone expanses of the North American prairies, inspiring men to let their hair grow to the ground and make pompous speeches; while it lays heavy weights on women's shoulders, and crops their locks, and in some places flattens children's heads in their cradles. East and west, in the past and in the present, its legislation is always seen taking the most contradictory forms, but almost equally inconvenient in all. Thus in ancient Mexico it decreed that the nobility should go to court in their shabbiest dresses, because no one might dare to be smart in the presence of the emperor; and in modern Europe it decrees that ladies shall impoverish themselves rather than not go to court in a blaze of splendor. In this instance, however, there is no question as to which decree is the most convenient.

The capriciousness of this power is the most objectionable characteristic, since its rule would be highly beneficent if it only attacked bad manners and customs, which on the contrary it very often overlooks. In Germany, for instance, people with the longest prefaces to their names, the addresses on whose envelopes are a perfect volume of titles, are allowed to pass their knives and forks in front of their neighbors with alarming celerity at dinner, in order to plunge them into some distant coveted dish. No doubt their appetites are more enormous than ours, for in the matter of capacity for food, beyond the widest width there always seems to be a wider still; but the exigencies of the Proper Thing ought at least to make them wait until the dishes are handed to them in civilized form, or even do without the object of their desire rather than risk cutting off their neighbors' noses. But it really seems that the more stringent the rule of the Proper Thing, the more latitude is given to disagreeable manners. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for example, it was much more of an autocrat than it is now; and yet with all the flattery, the bowing and scraping and long titles, no one put any restraint on his temper, and the best bred people thought nothing of throwing things at each other's heads when they were in a passion. Occurrences of this sort are rare now, at least in high class and diplomatic society.

But still the rule of the Proper Thing is rather severe on all classes, nor do our liberties and charters interfere with its prerogatives. We may question them nevertheless. Of course we do not mean to question regulations made for the comfort and decency and order of society, such as the hostess sitting at the head of the table, the eating of fish with a silver knife, or even a duchess taking precedence of a marchioness. All these regulations, and others of the same kind, relate to good manners, which are often quite independent of the Proper Thing; and without a little code of etiquette we should soon sink to the lowest depths of animalism. But why should it be improper for a lady to ride alone, whereas a similar fiat has not gone forth against her walking alone in country roads and lanes, though she must be much safer from molestation on horseback than on foot? Why must invited guests to an evening party always be after their time? Why is it necessary to dine at late unwholesome hours, to dance all night, and to go to several parties in one evening? But these are really only the more harmless pranks of the chief ruler. Unfortunately there are others which interfere tyrannically with the serious business of life.

The Proper Thing has always taken up its stronghold very specially in the institution of Caste, where for centuries it has reigned over India with a despotism harsher than that of the native princes. Nor has it by any means confined its caste regulations to Eastern lands. Why should a lady lose caste because she earns her bread as a governess, while a gentleman does not lose his through being a tutor? And why, when wholesome caste laws are thrown to the winds, should an absurd and unjust one like this hold its ground? But after all, it is perhaps natural to the spirit and the genius of the Proper Thing, which has always been harsher with women than with men, according to the principle on which human affairs have generally been conducted. However, tyranny of this sort is by no means confined to the upper and middle classes even as regards caste. In this matter, the lower ranks, and especially their female half, are very much its slaves. In these, though the women do not therefore hold themselves bound to speak in a low voice, or to cultivate the good quality which is next to godliness, or to refrain from repairing at all costs to crowded and not always very sober scenes of merry-making, they are fully alive to the necessity of flaunting every new fashion in the public eye on Sunday through a medium of tawdry tint and flimsy material, children wearing a *tablier* or *panier* of totally different material and antagonistic color to the frock which it was intended to adorn; women with hideous complications of blue feathers and red roses on their heads. Lately, indeed, since ladies have set the good example of wearing the dark colors which become nearly every one, it has been much followed by their imitators below stairs, though we fear more for the sake of the example than the goodness of it.

We hope to have established the fact that this tyrant has nothing to do with virtue. Its rule has often flourished most where virtue has been at the lowest ebb. How brilliantly, for example, the Proper Thing reigned in the court of Louis XIV., which was certainly not a school of morality. Neither has it very much to do with what may be justly called *les convenances*; we mean those smaller constraints and proprieties which young ladies set aside without any deterioration of their real goodness, but with a certain detriment to their manners and maidenly charms. Originally, no doubt, the Proper Thing sprang from a sense of true propriety, but it has degenerated so far as sometimes even to contradict that sense; and virtue can stand all the better without such a whimsical attempt at a buttress. Of course it will always set itself up more or less as a buttress, and as necessary to virtue and propriety, unless the real things should make such progress as to crowd out the counterfeit. But we fear there never will be a civilization so pure and simple that virtue and honor will, of their own goodness, take the place of the true Proper Thing.

A HOME IN GREENLAND.

Evening is the liveliest time in the Greenland hut. Then the bright lamps are burning, the kettles and pots (made of soapstone) all steaming and boiling over each lamp, the women busily chatting at their work, and half-naked children running about on the warm reindeer skins on the ledge behind them. This is the scene going on before us. The seal-hunter has just arrived home from after his day's toil on the sea, and while he is hanging up his lines, his water-proof gloves, and other paraphernalia, a piece of skin is drawn forth from beneath the ledge and spread before him. Its contents—the small dried fish called "angmagsat," or capeling—he eats in silence, weary as he is. This is only a preliminary meal, an appetizing pastime, while the more substantial things over the lamp are getting ready—and it does not take long to boil seal flesh. After the fish he takes a draught from the water-pail behind the door. The skin curtain of the lodge, hiding the mysteries of the lower regions, is once more drawn aside, and the skin, with the remnants, disappears behind it, to join a host of the most heterogeneous articles. A good deal of talking in the relating line, or in chatting, prattling, merry-making style, is generally going on. What I remember most distinctly from my many visits and stays in the Greenland huts are the stories and descriptions of the men relative to their sea adventures, accompanied by the most animated gestures, showing how the seal had first appeared and then dived down again on his approaching it; how he (the hunter) in his turn had lingered behind till the animal, made incautious by the succeeding silence, again rose to the surface; and now the hunter, leaning back with a graceful movement, shows how he resolutely swept across a long surge and came within reach of his mark, took aim, and threw his harpoon and bladder float; how the wounded animal dived and again came to the surface, and so forth. In fact, he paints the scene in lively colors, as we all listen in rapt attention. My brother, who had a lively comprehension and a great talent for mimicry, had in after years in Denmark often to act the part of a seal hunter, and it strikes me that I had myself a part in a play representing an unsuccessful whale hunt. Certainly we had many an hour of amusement in the Greenland cottages. No doubt we were very unpretending and easy to please; but why criticise the means when the result is happiness? And happy we undoubtedly were, alike in the dark frosty days, with the moon shining down upon us at noontide, and in the calm, delightful summer times with its bright sunlit nights.

George II., the reigning prince of Saxe Meiningen, Germany, is said to be fond of the drama, and himself manages the Court Theatre of Meiningen. The prince himself personally drills a player king into conducting himself like a real "Kaiser, or King;" he compels every player who assumes an important part to dress according to a drawing prepared by himself. He is at once the most dictatorial and the most painstaking of all living stage-managers.

Manners are more esteemed in society than virtues, though the one are artificial, like false brilliants, and the other pure, like real jewels.

"ONE BY ONE."

BY ALICE L. McALILLY.

One by one the years have vanished
Since ambition's fiery beams
Gilded youth's bright, happy morning,
With their golden rosebud dreams.

One by one the tears have fallen
On the graves where hidden lie
Buried love and hopes that budded
But to wither, fade and die.

One by one the friends we cherished
In those early days have flown—
Gone to garner in the harvest
Which their youthful hands had sown.

And our eyes have mutely spoken
Words our lips oft failed to say—
Fond good-byes which left us heartsick
As we sadly turned away.

One by one the deep'ning furrows
Gather 'neath the bands of gray,
Where, amid the rippling tresses,
Tender hands once loved to stray.

But the tears no longer trickle
From the poor, sad, aching eyes,
And the lips no longer murmur
O'er the sundering of fond ties.

For the heart has learned its lesson,
Stood time's test and come out pure
From amid the pains and sorrows—
Hearts must suffer and endure.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER II—[CONTINUED.]

Why a small, dreary, and not over-clean yard, enclosed generally by a close high fence, and furnished with half a dozen staggering old chairs and tables and an abundant odor of sour beer and stale tobacco, should be called a summer garden, or a winter garden, or a garden of any kind, is a problem that can possibly be solved by the man who knows why the Germans should shoot at the Emperor William. The same person doubtless can tell why the aforesaid enclosures are not called the brewery's side-yard, or the vinegar-factory's waste-yard, or the dissipated secondhand furniture shop's ruins, or by any other name which would hint at what is behind the sign. But all that the world in general knows about these enclosures is that they are called gardens; that men frequent them; and that in them grows, not fair and wholesome fruit, but much of that bastard manhood which asserts itself by indulgences which women, because they should be sure conservators of what is best in human nature, must not share.

It was in one of these gardens, located in Port Sangus, that Mr. Janus Jeek sat one evening, about the time at which this tale has temporarily left John Hombert. In person, Mr. Jeek was lank and loose-jointed, with a face that was remarkable mainly for the ravenous look of its jaws. By public profession he was a lawyer; in practice he would have risen to the rank of a legal freebooter, but that his enterprise lacked the element of brute courage which has sometimes been thought more or less admirable even in outlawry.

Beyond these qualities, Mr. Jeek's marked trait was a habit of chewing his scraggy beard and moustaches. On these he was constantly browsing, as it were, when he was not in the very act of speaking. In a conversation, when it became Mr. Jeek's turn to speak, and he had to pause and empty his mouth of a handful of tawny hair before he could utter a word, the effect was singular.

Mr. Jeek's companion in the garden was an elderly man who looked as if he could have little in common with the lawyer at ordinary times; but he had been drinking and was maudlin.

That Mr. Jeek knew not only his business, but his opportunity, was soon apparent.

"Drink your stuff and have another, Gardnill," said Jeek with great cordiality. "We must have a little recreation now and then. Hang it! I used to be fixed a little like you, myself. I've known it to be more agreeable for me to get out and let the old hen scratch for herself."

This delicate allusion to domestic affairs was in Mr. Jeek's happiest vein. But there was yet some latent manliness in Gardnill. Pausing in the act of raising his glass, he looked with open contempt at the lawyer; and then, turning his eyes on an ill-kept dog at his feet, gave the brute this command:

"Spit on him, Cæsar!"

The dog did not obey, but perhaps Mr. Jeek, chewing a lock of his beard, would not have minded it much if it had. The lawyer had made his point—the introduction of Gardnill's domestic relations as a topic for consideration. Jeek emptied his mouth of beard, and said:

"Oh, that's all right between you and me. I don't like to talk of these things myself—especially when the old lady's a little ahead."

"Spit on him, Cæsar!" Gardnill commanded his dog.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jeek, in the best of humor. "We're all a little sore there, Gardnill. But it's rough on a man like you, I often think."

"Keep your pity to yourself, sir!" cried Gardnill, with maudlin dignity. "I scorn your pity, sir!"

But immediately he fell to pitying himself, which was much more to Mr. Jeek's purpose. So that person evidently thought, for he silently chewed his beard and let the other talk.

"Yes, sir," Gardnill continued, "I scorn your pity! The degradations I've borne are—are my own, sir. I don't exhibit 'em. No, sir! My degradations, I said—my degradations—my degrada——"

Here he became lost in pity of himself, and forgot to finish his speech. But he could not have made a better opening for the lawyer, who forthwith emptied his mouth of beard.

"I understand, Gardnill," the lawyer began, very confidentially. "I know what you were going to say. Don't say it! It's not necessary. You ought not to be fixed so—a man of your tastes. And you needn't be, except that the obstinacy of a girl is keeping a mint o' money out o' your hands!"

"Eh!" Gardnill manifesting a dull curiosity.

"Look here, Gardnill!" Jeek exclaimed, having had time to take but a mere nibble at his moustache, "if you could manage to have your step-daughter, Nell Rollick—you see I know all about her name; I know more than you or her mother even—if you could have her choose you as her guardian, you might carry around in your pockets what would buy half of Port Sangus!"

"Eh!" exclaimed Gardnill again, but his brain was now whirling with excitement.

"Look here, Gardnill!"—the lawyer clung to this address as particularly friendly—"I don't like to talk too free about this—nobody has got the points but me. I'll just say that under a certain will I can get a mint o' money for Nell Rollick!"

"Tell me! tell me!" Gardnill cried.

"Why, you see, what I've said was said as a friend. We're not lawyer and client, you know. Probably you'd prefer some other counsel."

"No! no!" exclaimed Gardnill, catching the lawyer's meaning; "no! we're lawyer and client! Nobody touches the case but you! Tell me!"

Mr. Jeek took time to refresh himself with his beard, and then said:

"Why, then, Gardnill, if you desire to retain me as your counsel, that makes it a matter of business, and we might as well have some little agreement."

"Of course! Anything fair! Tell me!" urged Gardnill, his restless trembling hands showing his impatience.

"Something like this," said Jeek, producing a document from his pocket as if by mere accident he chanced to have it with him. "This is an agreement to pay me twenty thousand dollars counsel fee when you take possession as guardian of Nell Rollick's share of the estate of William Rollick, deceased."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Gardnill gasped, but he signed the paper. "Now tell me!"

"Why, the estate is worth two millions, and we go in for a full seventh," said the lawyer. "I know where to put my hand on every witness, and I could prove the inheritance under the will in any court in the country. But I couldn't do anything with the girl nor her mother—too high-down—and I don't propose to move till the guardianship is safe."

"She may get some other lawyer and go on without us!"

"She'd better not, nor any one for her!" Jeek said menacingly. "I could spoil all that. But she don't know of it; it's a despised inheritance suddenly grown valuable, and there are no other heirs to look it up."

Here Mr. Jeek, in his satisfaction, lunched extensively on beard.

"I haven't seen any of 'em for three or four years," Gardnill suggested dubiously. "We haven't lived together for near ten years."

"You must see them within a week," Jeek said, "and begin business. I'll give you some points, and some screws to put on 'em, too, if they're ugly."

Mr. Jeek by no means imagined that his purpose would be accomplished with Gardnill by a short and easy effort such as he had made. On the contrary, Jeek well knew that when Gardnill was uninfluenced by strong potations he would revolt from the task of worming himself back into the household he had long deserted, only to abuse its confidence. For Gardnill, though long cursed by dissipation, had still some lingering pride; and, indeed, maintained a sort of position by means of his really good capacity, which kept him in the employ of the municipal corporation as a clerk. But the lawyer well understood that Gardnill's lifelong tastes were far beyond gratification upon the salary he got, which served only to keep those tastes alive and strong by partially indulging them.

Mr. Jeek was quite right in his anticipations. The next day his new client repudiated the whole agreement, expressed his opinion of his would-be counsel by commanding his dog Cæsar to spit on him, and even showed a disposition to inflict personal chastisement on the lawyer. All of which had as much effect to drive Mr. Jeek from his prey as the bite of a fly might have upon a hungry rhinoceros.

The result was that Mr. Jeek overhauled his assortment of what he called "screws" to find one that would fit Gardnill. This he did. Chewing his beard, he waited until Gardnill paused in one of his outbursts, and then suddenly put his mouth close to the other's ear and whispered half a dozen words.

"You villain, you lie!" Gardnill cried hoarsely, seizing a chair and swinging it over his head.

"Hold up!" said Jeek coolly, but still in readiness to dodge the chair. Then he whispered in Gardnill's ear again.

Very tight screws, those of Mr. Jeek. The effect of the last one was as sudden as that of the first, but in quite an opposite way. Gardnill dropped the chair, sunk down upon it with his head on a table and actually groaned:

"No! no! Not that!"

In short, Gardnill was coaxed, wheedled, tempted, dosed and threatened, until he thought himself in some sort bound to the enterprise. Having reached this point, he tried to compound the meditated offense with his conscience by promising the main benefits to Nell and her mother. Thus he came at last to be really anxious for the success of the scheme, and was then prepared to receive the definite instructions of Mr. Jeek.

Gardnill was to make his appearance at Millfield without warning. He was to profess reformation, penitence and a desire to reunite a broken family; he was even to make love to his long-neglected wife. He was first to exhaust all resources in the way of protestation and persuasion upon his wife, because if he gained a footing in the household, the guardianship could be easily managed. But Mrs. Gardnill proving utterly intractable, Nell was to be cautiously approached to induce her to act independent of her mother. All this failing, Jeek was to bring forward the "screws to put on 'em."

So, as this chapter closes, the house of Mrs. Gardnill is threatened with two unexpected visitations—one from John Hombert, and the other from a long recreant husband.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN HOMBERT GOING IN.

When John Hombert, in pursuance of his resolve to see the Gardnills, alighted from the train at Millfield, he had no very definite plan of action. He knew that the affair at Port Sangus must have come to the ears of Mrs. Gardnill and her daughter. Of the effect of the reports upon the mother, he felt that he could judge with confidence. But how would the girl be affected, and what would be her disposition toward him? He could not guess, and therefore the only thing he could settle upon was that he would freely confess the stupidity of his own conduct, and hope that a way of reparation would suggest itself, if any existed.

Hombert had acquaintances in Millfield, and he resolved to see some of them in the hour between his arrival and the hotel dinner time. After dinner he would see the Gardnills.

Seeing Millfield acquaintances did not prove agreeable. The first was Frivol, clerk in a bank. After salutations, the following passed:

"I say, Hom.," cried Frivol, who affected liveliness, "that was a mighty sly thing o' yours."

"Hey?" ejaculated Hombert, actually at a loss.

"Oh, come! you don't know! That's too gauzy. Hom.—like that story of the fire up the shore!"

With a lively chuckle, the lively Frivol poked Hombert's side.

"If you're alluding," Hombert said, "to that infamous insinuation invented about my——"

"Haw! haw!" laughed the lively Frivol. "Infamous insinuation! That's good! Why, Hom., you ought to go on the stage. You'd——"

"Stop!" cried Hombert, putting his hand on the other's shoulder. "That's not a subject for joking!"

"Why, you ain't putting on frills over that little scrape, are you?" demanded Frivol, in surprise. His idea had been that Hombert had come to Millfield to air his achievement.

"Did you hear that I threshed the fellow that started the story?"

Without another word, Hombert turned and walked away, leaving the lively Frivol more dumbfounded than lively.

Much irritated at having the affair thus offensively thrust into his face, Hombert ventured no more calls upon his younger acquaintances. He stopped at the store of Mr. Morrick, an old friend of his family in the East.

Mr. Morrick was affable, but a trifle reserved. Nevertheless, Hombert was feeling quite himself, after a few minutes of pleasant chat, when he rose to take his leave. Then it came!

"Rather an unfortunate thing you got into at Port Sangus, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Morrick, eying Hombert sharply and with plain distrust.

Hombert's spirits and countenance fell together. It was in the mouth of everybody!

"It was most unfortunate, sir," he answered—"for me and for the young lady concerned."

"'The young lady!' Well, I don't know about that! I'm afraid I might not like to take every such 'young lady' by the hand!"

"I hope, sir, you do not believe there was the least provocation for the outrageous insinuation?" said Hombert very earnestly.

"I don't know anything about it! Don't want to know!" replied Mr. Morrick with the air of a man who knew all about it.

"Why, sir, did you ever hear anything else to her discredit?"

"Anything else? Good gracious, no! Isn't this story enough? Perhaps Gardnill knew what he was about when he left 'em ten years ago."

Afraid to trust himself to speak in his amazement and indignation, Hombert abruptly took his leave.

He had no appetite for dinner, and walked rapidly along a street that led out of the town, until he was in the country. Once alone in the silent forest, he sat down to collect his thoughts. To him the affair which had been started by the scurrilous scribbler had always appeared like a calamity; but now his blood seemed to stop its flow as he reflected on what he had heard. He was young and unused to the world; he was more unused to the people of this section, for he had been among them but little more than a year, coming direct from his quiet Eastern home. More reserved than most others, he had made few acquaintances and no familiars among the young men. Finally, he had had no experience in such affairs as he now found thrust upon him—an affair which shocked and hurt him beyond expression, for the most marked peculiarity of his character was a profound respect for women, a feeling which had grown wholly out of intercourse with his mother and sister. To rob a man, either maliciously or carelessly, of that which no wealth can buy, and which, once lost, nothing can restore, was an offense, he thought, that embodied the very heart of the meanest crime; but to thus rob a woman, burdened with weaknesses which should be as the odor of frail flowers to plead for her—this seemed so cruelly grievous as to be almost out of the scope of possible occurrence! Yet here was this very thing done without compunction or hesitation, but quite as an everyday thing, by people he had respected. Had it all a foundation no better than the baseless fabric of a dream, that beautiful sentiment which in his mind had always surrounded women? Were these men gross brutes, or was he himself only a whimsical fool?

Grave as he felt these considerations to be, and much as he was distressed and embarrassed by the singularity of his position, not for a moment did the thought of yielding his convictions occupy his mind. Though he stood absolutely alone, and were given a notoriety infinitely wider and more unpleasant than he had yet known, yet he would maintain his stand; he would defend the girl at all times and all hazards. Though all the world should lightly sport with her name and hold him blameless, though the girl herself should not accuse him nor countenance his accusation, still he would set her right in this matter, for the sake of his own conscience.

Full of this resolve, Hombert walked rapidly back toward the town and the residence of the Gardnills. He was about to enter a strange household, about which more than one mystery clung.

As the young man walked across the generous stretch of lawn before the house, his eye was attracted by many little evidences of taste and care.

He rang the bell and waited rather long for an answer. Then he heard a slow and heavy footstep in the hall, and presently the door was opened.

A very old woman, much bent and wrinkled, stood before him. He asked for Mrs. Gardnill, and was told that she was out; there was no one at home but herself, the old lady said. Would he come in? She judged he had come from 'far, and it would not be long before one of them would be back.

Hombert entered, and the old lady, trudging along with the slow and heavy step he had heard, led the way to the common room of the house. On every side were more evidences of the tasteful hand whose work he saw without. The room he entered was a magazine of neat and fanciful home ornamentation. Scores of articles of deft handiwork were all about; marvellous creations of worsted, wonderful structures of cardboard and thin woods; woolens and cloths worked into articles of pretty design and pleasing contrast of colors. These things covered the mantel, tables, what-not, brackets and shelves, and even hung from the ceiling.

The old lady took her large chair at the side of the open fire, and Hombert bethought himself to announce his name.

"I've heard 'em talk o' you," the old lady responded.

Hombert hoped that Mrs. Gardnill and her daughter had not suffered greatly from their misfortune up the shore and—and the later events.

"I hear 'em talk of a great many things here and there," replied the old lady; "but I don't charge my mind with 'em. Nell has been poorly; took to bed for a fortnit. But ye mustn't expect me to tell the news, I'm poor company—only grandma, ye know."

Only grandma! Why, she had such a peaceful, restful, and withal bright old face, as she sat looking steadily at the fire with half-closed eyes, and now and then gently patting one of her hands with the other, that surely no one could have said she was poor company, though she never spoke a word! In truth, her mind was wandering in the green oasis of her life. Less than two years out of seventy, but what a happiness they must have brought, since the memory of it had remained to refresh her day by day through half a century! Less than two years all told, and then her Andy was crushed by a falling tree—but he left her the memory of his love when she should tell her yet unborn child of him!

Hombert had little time to guess what the old lady was thinking of, for almost as soon as his brief conversation with her was over, there was an arrival—Mrs. Gardnill.

She received her visitor with easy grace, and not the slightest betrayal of consciousness that anything of an unpleasant character had occurred since they last met. Her daughter, she said, was out for exercise with Leela; when she returned, she would be glad to welcome him.

"I am sorry to hear she has been ill. Not seriously, I hope," said Hombert, thinking this might lead to the subject uppermost in his mind. He was really at a loss to know how to introduce that subject, it seemed to be so far from troubling Mrs. Gardnill.

"Not more seriously than she has been before," replied the lady. "She encountered unusual fright and exhaustion on that memorable trip."

Hombert dashed impetuously at this opening.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I have made it memorable enough by my stupidity!"

"You are thinking of the newspaper reports and your exploit at Port Sangus," she replied, speaking familiarly of what she had seemed to ignore.

"Yes."

"I hope they are not troubling you," but she looked at him more keenly as she said it.

"Indeed they are! I never did so much mischief before in so short a time!"

"You could hardly expect to chastise all the gossip-loving people in the country," she remarked.

"I'm sorry that I chastised one of them, since it only spread his story. Mrs. Gardnill," he added with earnestness, "I fear you do not know the extent of the injury I have done you. I give you my word, I was in some doubt about my reception here. I'm not sure of it yet, for your daughter——"

He hesitated.

"My daughter," answered Mrs. Gardnill quietly, "at least respects herself. Had you given cause for complaint, she would not have waited for others to start it. Take my assurance for that, and don't allude to the subject before her. I think she is coming now."

Nell came in. If she was surprised at seeing Hombert, she did not show it in word or manner. She was far more at ease than Hombert was, as she gave him her hand and said with more frankness than she had ever shown him:

"You thought at Port Sangus that I did not want you to come to Millfield, Mr. Hombert! But now you are here, and the introduction is over, I am very glad to see you!"

However, she could not restrain an uneasy glance about the room as she ceased speaking.

Hombert noted the uneasy glance, and wondered. Was all this home ornamentation, which gave the house its character at first sight, her work, and made for home, not for display? Maybe; but most women would have been glad to show such multitudinous achievements.

It was a very simple plan that Hombert had when he came to the house; but now even that seemed impossible of accomplishment. The subject was tabooed by Mrs. Gardnill; and, in spite of himself, Hombert felt ill at ease and as if he was there to no good. The only object he had in coming he could do nothing with, and he wished himself away.

Nell was agreeable, to be sure. She sang and played for him, and talked, but not much. Whenever her mother was talking, Nell kept her eyes shyly on Hombert. Was she admiring her knight, whose achievement in her behalf was not to be talked of?

When Hombert took his leave, the dusk had settled. The two ladies went to the door with him. While the final commonplaces were being exchanged, Nell suddenly cried:

"Get a shawl, mother. I want a breath of air. We'll walk down to the gate with Mr. Hombert."

"It is very chilly, Nell," Mrs. Gardnill remonstrated.

"Do, mother! It will do me good!" persisted the girl.

The mother yielded and went for a wrap.

Scarcely was her face turned when the girl's manner changed. In a low, eager voice she asked:

"Mr. Hombert, which hand was it that struck the man?"

"The—the fellow at Port Sangus?"

"Yes, yes! Tell me, quick!"

"Why, I believe each hand did its part," he answered, wondering.

"Yes, I know!" cried the girl impatiently—"but the hand that struck first—the hand that felled him?"

"Oh! Well, that was the right one. It wasn't much of a feat——"

He stopped, for Nell had seized his right hand and bent over it, touching it with her lips, while Hombert felt a warm tear fall on it.

The act was done almost as a bird flies, so quickly was it over.

"Hush!" said Nell, to check any exclamation from Hombert, as her mother's returning footsteps were heard.

When he had bidden them good night and was well on his way to the hotel, he was stopped by a woman.

"I want to speak to you," she said bluntly.

"It's Leela, isn't it?" asked Hombert coolly. This woman at least could not surprise him.

"Yes," she replied.

"Didn't I see you at Mrs. Gardnill's a moment ago?"

"Yes."

"You're pretty good at walking—or running!" he said.

He had come at a good pace, but here was the half-breed ahead of him.

"I want to know when you're going to stop coming here!" demanded Leela, insolently.

"Why?" he asked. It was not worth while to be angry at her impudence, and besides he felt a little curiosity.

"Don't come any more!" said the half breed, not raising her voice, but the tone was a menace.

"Why?" he asked with undisturbed composure.

The woman ignored his questions as coolly as they were asked.

"Find somebody else—let Nell alone!" she commanded. "I'm not afraid to speak up to you! Let her alone! You've done bad enough! You've made everybody talk about her. You made 'em turn up their noses at her at the church social, till she was brought home sick and dead faint! Don't come here any more!"

"Is that so? Did they do that!" cried Hombert, forgetting everything but the cruel indignity to the girl, of which the woman told.

"Don't come any more! You'd better not!" the woman threatened with fierce earnestness, and disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

Fretting over this new revelation, and the fact it recalled that he had achieved nothing by his visit, Hombert strode on rapidly to his hotel. There, among the first persons he saw, was the lively Frivol, who was not quite sure of the meaning of his morning's lesson. He would have another lesson—and got it.

"Hello, Hom.!" exclaimed the lively man; "I hear the bills are out for another cruise up the shore. I say, can't you let a fellow in?"

Exasperated beyond control by this repeated insult where sufficient warning had been given, Hombert without a word raised his clenched hand and laid the lively Frivol on his back.

However dull their perceptions might be in other things, the people of Millfield were quick enough to understand the significance of blows. Like every other bit of news or gossip in the little town, reports of this last rencontre traveled through the community during the evening, and next morning there was no one who did not regard Hombert as he might a torpedo that had been tested and was sure to explode the instant the fuse was lighted—the fuse in Hombert's case being the Port Sangus affair.

The agreeable result of this was that he was annoyed by no more references to his trouble.

Hombert went at once to his room after the encounter with Frivol. He had told Mrs. Gardnill that he should not leave the place until late the next evening, and had promised to take tea at her house before his departure.

Alone in his room, he had full time to reflect upon the day's developments. He thought over what Leela had told of Nell's treatment, and imagined a thousand worse things that might have happened, for aught he knew. He thought of the renunciation of the subject by the girl and her mother, and he tried to think what effort this had cost, in the light of Nell's passionate kissing of the hand that knocked the Port Sangus rascal down. He thought of all the distress in store for the afflicted girl, as indicated by the social persecution already begun.

Of all this he thought, and of the girl's infirmity, and of his own stupidity which had caused the trouble, until he was well-nigh distracted.

But did he think of a quick and easy remedy? Ah, no! Yet all the time there rose before him the idea of one complete remedy; it came nearer and nearer, and to look around or over it became more and more difficult. If the girl would marry him, would it not entirely vindicate her? Yes, certainly! He did not seek this remedy, but he would adopt it a thousand times over rather than the girl's life should be embittered by his agency.

Would she marry him? Well, it did not much matter about that. He could but offer, and if she would not, why, he would do what else he could to redress the wrongs she suffered.

Did he fancy the girl? Why, no; but should he put fancy against duty? After all, it might be as well. The preference which arises without thorough acquaintance is, and must be, mere fancy; but it is called love—often the best love. Thousands of men, he thought, take their wives upon such love as this; afterward, if real love grows between them, well; if it does not, one or the other is warped to fit a place never chosen, or there is lifelong endurance or the disgrace of separation. His chances might be just as good with this girl as with another.

But, above all things, it seemed that fate was pressing it on him. He would neither whine about nor seek to avoid it. If Nell would marry him, he would remedy the evil at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Different Fashions of Wearing the Hair

The "peruke," or periwig, or at all events false hair, was much used by all the very ancient nations. In the British Museum a peruke may be seen which was found in the Temple of Isis at Thebes, the curling and arranging of which is worth the attention of the modern *coiffeur*. It is very large; every curl is placed with the utmost care, and we can gather from its state of preservation that the *artistes* of Thebes possessed a secret which modern *perruquiers* do not share with them—i. e., that of preserving the curl in the hair. Despite the thousands of years that have passed and gone, this peruke preserves its original shape, form and curl. The reign of the wig in both France and England was long and obstinate; and it seems almost impossible to understand how young people gave in to so absurd a fashion.

This preposterous erection remained in *statu quo* for three weeks or a month before being dressed again. And judging from the descriptions of "opening a lady's head," when it would "keep no longer"—given in the periodicals of the day—it must have been an unpleasant business. Full of pomatum and powder, insects bred in it, and the hairdressers' books are well stocked with recipes for killing them. Towards the end of the last century, wigs—as an indispensable article of dress for old and young—went out of date; but continued to be worn by clergymen, doctors and lawyers. The first named in particular were expected never to be seen without one.

We have to be thankful for the change of taste which leaves us the happy wearers of our own hair, and also permits those whose hair is grey to show and be proud of it. Not many years ago poor mammas and grandmammas were obliged to shave off the plenteous grey locks which nature gave to them, and don the ugly black or brown front demanded by fashion.

At the beginning of this century the few young men who ventured to wear their own hair at Oxford or Cambridge were called "Apolloes."

The wig has a literature of its own, no less than two French authors having written histories of it—Thiers' "Histoire des Perruques" and Nicolai's "Recherches Historiques sur l'Usage de Cheveux Postiches;" both of which are interesting to the student.

It was anciently the custom for brides to be married with the hair dishevelled, and in pictures representing the marriage of the Blessed Virgin she is thus represented by the old masters. When Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn, she is reported to have worn her hair thus; and amongst the Eastern nations, and the Slaves, the practice still continues. The most ancient style of hair dressing consists of plaiting two long tresses and wearing them either hanging down the back or bound round the head. The plait of three strands is of unknown antiquity; and as it was the first and most enduring, so it probably will be the last style practiced, as we see that its return to favor every few years is almost a certainty.

The fashion of cutting the hair straight across the forehead was the style worn in England during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. Upon the coins of that monarch, and indeed upon all the silver coinage of the kingdom until the reign of Henry VIII. this style is visible, as worn by boys and men. The rest of the hair was worn very bushy at the sides, and rolled in two large and long curls. The same fashion reappeared in the reign of Charles I., but was then probably introduced from Spain.

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.—Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen, and, after the student had waited a short time in the ante chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—If the leg of a crab be fractured, it throws off the injured limb near to the body. And it has the power of doing so apparently for two purposes, to save the excessive flow of blood which always takes place at the first wound, and to lay bare the organ which is to reproduce the future limb; as soon as the injured limb has been thrown off, the bleeding stops; but if the animal is unable, from weakness or any other cause, to effect this, the result is fatal. The growth of the new limb is slow, until after the period of the next moult, when it rapidly assumes its full proportions.

FACETIÆ.

Fire Association—Beelzebub & Co.

"Paper mill"—A journalistic war.

The "nick of time" is well represented in the ratchet wheel of the clock.

One of the worst possible ways to spread the gospel is to knock down a local preacher.

Bakers and cooks should know that the base ball fraternity furnishes some of the best batters in the country.

"Might makes right." In the case of cheese, however, squeamish boarders assert that the statement is open to question.

Any architect can tell you that though bricks may be made without straw, it is impossible to do so with a properly-constructed mint julep.

Why is a girl who has just finished an hour's melancholy reflection like a fashionably dressed lady? Because they are both ex-pensive females.

If the early bird just now wants to get the first worm, it will have to get up a good deal earlier than the boys who have arranged to go fishing every day during school vacation.

The boy of the period listens to Sunday school descriptions of the future Eden and believes them; but he finds his longing to possess it more than obscured by his arrangements to properly celebrate the coming Fourth of July.

In South America the natives chew a seed called coca as a stimulant, and when this is not to be had, they use others. Now we know the reason why so many people in these latitudes chew cardamom and caraway seed, lemon peel, and so on.

The influence of Boston's intellectuality is apparent throughout all the literature of the State. Seven cities might claim the honor of giving "Maud Muller" birth; but the line, "It might have been," puts dispute at once out of the question.

There are times when a consuming passion for information may be temporarily squelched. Thus after a bad boy has hit a man with a superannuated tomato on the shirt front, it is wrong to ask the victim if he wouldn't rather be hit by an overripe egg.

The dime novels and sensational papers are not alone the cause of the boy of the period frequently wishing that he was an Indian. Perhaps his youthful soul may have heard that the noble son of the forest is seldom or never troubled with that pest of civilization, washing one's self.

A dog with two tails is the latest proof of New York's industry. Thus the eternal law of demand and supply promises to fulfil itself. Should the breed be perpetuated, the excess of old tin cans brought about by the preserved tomato and vegetable business generally, may easily be utilized.

Landsmen as a rule are not familiar with sailors' terms, and the first time that a full understanding of the expression "the captain heaved his anchor," comes upon them, is when during a voyage they feel those qualms that make them wonder how death can be such a terrible thing, after all.

"The times change and we change with them" is an old and immovably true as the hills. The youth who at ten kicked against nursing his baby sister for ten minutes, at twenty will nurse another fellow's sister half the night, and seem to like it. The first was not, but the latter is, a knotty matter for him.

We should not, if possible, give the lowest—aye, even the miserable tramps—trouble. And it is easy to avoid it. If we are particular not to put our coats and hats at the same time on the hallrack, he will not be bothered in stealing them to make any choice, having no alternative but to take what he can get. Thus a little foresight often does good.

A subscriber wants to know how to keep his hens from getting into his garden. This simple problem has received considerable attention, but good answers are still in order. A possible way would be to leave the coop open some night when the darkeys in the back street are having a party. It is more than likely, if this plan is followed, the garden will be troubled by the poultry no more.

Scientific men say that the great principles of human existence and progress are always in motion. It may be that they seem to change their appearance; but nevertheless they are never at rest. Thus the same vague reliance and trust on the future which prompts the boy to half solve the problem of tying the body in a knot by too generous a devotion to green pears, shows itself in the maiden who finds too late that there lurks in the sixth plate of ice cream a demon that may turn the peaceful night into a howling wilderness.

RANCID BUTTER.—An authority in dairy matters explains how rancid butter may be greatly improved and almost restored to its original excellence, by kneading it well in fresh milk and then washing thoroughly in cold water, with the addition of a little salt. In almost every parcel of butter some small proportion of casein is retained, and the decomposition of this is accompanied by the formation of butyric acid, which causes the unpleasant taste and smell known as rancidity. This butyric acid is readily soluble in fresh milk, and hence can easily be got rid of by the simple method of treatment recommended.

IT IS MUCH BETTER to take proper care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, than to run any risk of developing a fatal Pulmonary Affection. This well known curative is equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

[illegible]

Most ... call and mark the fairy rings,
Till where the lych-gate casts its cool, dark shadow,
I pause awhile, musing on many things;
Then raise the latch, and passing through the gate,
Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Here in the time tares do not break their sleeping;
Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them not;
They heed not bitter sobs nor silent weeping;
Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets they have forgot.
I murmur sadly: "Here, then, all life ends.
We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends."

By no rebuke is the sweet silence broken,
No voice reproves me, yet a sign is sent;
For from the grassy mounds there comes a token
Of life immortal—and I am content.
See! the soul's emblem across my downcast eyes—
Over the graves are hovering butterflies!

THE

NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE OLD HOME.

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest
Its humble hopes possessed?
—*B. Barton.*

"Hilda, darling, you have never been down to look at Ferndale."

So spoke the Duke one morning after ordering the horses for a ride.

Hilda had made wonderful progress in horsemanship under her husband's tuition, and never looked better than on horseback. She was able to ride with him now, and they were going to make a morning call on some very old friends of his, with whom no ceremony was required.

"No," she replied, with a slight shiver; "I hav'n't cared to go there. I hav'n't many pleasant associations with the place, Lal."

"Yet you were happy there with poor Burgoyne, were you not?"

"Well, yes—as an oyster is happy in its shell, or a mole in its burrow. I know no ...

[illegible]

... "It was just as well you did, my girl," said Jem Bragg, while the stable boys stared aghast at his familiarity. "I might have gone and asked the Duke's permission if you hadn't, and things would have turned out unpleasant. I think you'd better let Mat here see her Grace."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lace as Now Worn.

The magnificent and costly materials so much in vogue, together with the simple form of the fashionable Princesse robes and the reappearance of the high giraffe or Spanish combs, have all contributed to the revival of old lace, so long laid aside by the fickle goddess. Every day witnesses the introduction of some elegant novelty in which lace is a prominent feature. We have the large collars and cuffs, Anne d'Autriche, Cromwell, etc.; the Nell Gwynne mittens, heralding the return of the Lavalliere lace gloves, besides the foulard underlinen sumptuously trimmed with lace; the silk stockings partly composed of point d'Angleterre, de Venise, point a l'aiguille, etc.; the Marie Antoinette fichu and the graceful mantilla supported by the high comb. Lace fans are once more in high favor. The white ones have mounts wrought entirely in application, point, or with a central water color medallion; the sticks are in mother o' pearl, either white, the color matching the dress or satin lining of the fan. The black fans in Chantilly are mounted on tortoise shell, light or dark, with the central monogram in gold and diamonds. To these applications of lace we may add the large mob caps, the balayeuse, and the fur set, comprising stole, cuffs, and muff, each surrounded by frillings of yellow lace, and ornamented with colored bows. The most elegant hand...

[illegible]

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE TELEPHONE IN CHINA.—The London Spectator learns from a private letter that the telephone has been adopted by the Chinese, the telegraph being useless, as they have no alphabet. Five hundred miles, it is stated, have already been spoken over in China.

SOLID HOOFED PIGS.—It is stated that a breed of solid-hoofed pigs has apparently been established in Texas. The terminals of the toes are united to form a single broad phalanx; above this, however, the other two phalanges remain perfectly distinct. The hoof is solid, and on its sole there is a broad angular elevation of horny substance, which is curiously like the frog of the horse's hoof. The breed is so firmly established that no tendency to revert to the original form is observable.

THE CABBAGE.—A French journal observes that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy for intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for, we are informed, by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is also mentioned by ancient writers, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which the wine shows to the cabbage, for if a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter either retires or dies.

ALUMINUM IN TELEGRAPHY.—The value of aluminum in telegraphy has before now attracted notice. This metal has double the conducting power of iron, and can be made into extremely thin wires. The high price of the metal and the difficulty of large production are, of course, grave obstacles in the way. But, as is pointed out in a German contemporary, it can be easily produced in quantities sufficient to give an alloy with iron suitable for use as telegraph wire, thinner and better conducting than the ordinary wire. Owing to its light weight, such wire is specially fitted for military telegraphy, since great lengths can be carried on one bobbin.

VORTEX RINGS.—Take a bandbox with a tightly fitting lid, in which cut a round hole 1 1/2 inch diameter. ...

[illegible]

FEMININITIES.

[illegible]

A Peep Into Birdland.

June in her summer studio, the magnificent dome draped with fleecy hangings, softens the light which pours, warm and vivifying, throughout the vast structure, waiting the development of all her rich beginnings, she lingers lovingly, strengthening, refreshing, beautifying, as if all the world was a vast picture requiring masterly touches to bring it to perfection, life, light and color.

Down into the tinted honeycups, elegantly spread on petted tables in garden and lawn, little figures plunge and feast, every buzz and hum a pean of thanksgiving; and away off in the meadow and wood, wherever the smiling sun gives invitation, rich creamy chalices, tubes of odor, and saucers of spicy sweetness are thronged with guests, flitting, feasting and murmuring their satisfaction in low, but eloquent, harmonious tones. Brooks that run smiling by, and leaves in plumy top above, are lavish in their soft expressions of delight, but these are constantly interrupted with richer, fuller and more thrilling utterances, wafting the resplendent air into vibrations of a nobler melody.

Roving bits of color, vivid and various, shimmer fascinatingly in evanescent lustre, amid the cool shadows of fragrant woods, and down among the bars and spires of the emerald meadows, revealing a realm peopled with a gleaming, glittering, enthusiastic throng.

It was on one of the richest days of early summer, not long ago, when up through the calm radiance, a winged Herald, in sudden flight, tossed himself aloft, and from the broad expanse of ethereal silence, showered down in ecstatic notes a brief, but momentous message.

Listening minstrels caught the tidings, as borne on eager wings it flew from one plumed inhabitant to another, until field and forest, meadow and upland, adorned park and shady grove, rang in jubilant peals from the elated throng.

The wrens called to their comrades in accents marked and musical: "Richelieu, Richelieu, Richard!" It was wonderful how these tiny lumps of feathers could caper, and shout, and spread themselves to such an extent; but they persevered until all the host were informed. Sweethearts peeped and listened as "sweetheart, sweet-heart!" rang in silvery accents from scattered bush and tree. Bluebirds, always chatty and smart, gushed and giggled as they swung around the fence corners. Sparrows chirped exultingly in their little baby voices. Robins sat proclaiming from the tree tops. Martins laughed from the roof of their little palaces. The Phebe-bird shouted to her daughters. The King-bird changed his watchman's rattle; and the Red-bird, in flaming scarlet, signaled far and near, from the loftiest points, his clear whistle, like a silver horn, echoing through the heights, as he sped from hill top, and through the giant trees, with all the eagerness of a Carrier-dove on the wing with an important message from its master's hand.

Thousands of flute-voiced singers swung excitedly on pendulous branches, and trilled their gratification in notes of indescribable sweetness.

Birdlings peeped from their tiny homes, and silently listened to the unwonted clamor, while others, full-fledged, amid the bushes, made efforts to join in every exuberant outburst, sometimes tumbling headlong, and then over and over in their glee; their quick, sweet chirrups and animated attempts to warble, revealing the joyousness which filled their little frames.

What occasioned this excess of gladness? Our Herald had been listening to a caged foreigner as it warbled in sweet soliloquy of its native land, in plaintive lullabyes at first, as if his little heart thrilled with tender memories. Surmising a listener, he related, in sparkling verse, brief histories of his late comrades—some noted for their eloquence, others of rare qualities and mysterious fascinations of the Cuckoo's astonishing call, and the still more wonderful way his mate distributes her favors of the brotherhood in mourning robes, cawing their lugubrious yarns from leafy mansions near fissured walls and fretted towers draped with masses of sombre vines; of the nightingale's exquisite sweetness and familiarity, of the skylark, whose soaring ecstasy bubbles over and falls like pattering pearls, until bird and song are alike lost in the blue ether; and then of a consecrated host who were ready to sail across the seas for the purpose of assisting their cousins in destroying the insects that swarmed through groves in countless numbers, and which if left to accumulate, would rob the trees of their shelter, and spread desolation in their tiny homes. What wonder that he soared aloft and made the tidings ring, or that each little songster warbled a thrill of welcome.

By ones and twos, and then in countless crowds, with little bills pointing upward, they hastened with one purpose to the shadowy depths of a favorite grove, which for ages had been the scene of many gatherings peculiar to the feathered race. Each passing season the masters with their sons and daughters made vocal the stately trees with their plans of emigration. Here various tribes halted in their annual journeys to the south, or on tours of pleasure, sweeping the vine-clad bowers that careened, and poured forth a wild fragrance responsive to their sweet elastic voices. In the beautiful trees and perched on their swaying tops, the blackbirds held their morning concerts, the bobolinks their mid-day frolics, and amid its shadows at evening the mocking-bird practised the notes he had caught through the day, blending them with trumpet-toned notes of his own composing.

The great trees soon became animated with the gathering crowd, and glowed with the plumage of aristocrats in their rich attire, lords and ladies in Oriental robes and dainty feathered caps, which they wore with as much ease and grace as in any previous assembly; the greater portion in dainty suits of white, brown and grey, some the less gracefully arranged, and these were the lovable, sweet-voiced musical throng.

A quiet confab among the elders resulted in the decision that a meeting should be called then and there to determine upon the manner of reception, which, in honor to the strangers, must be accorded.

The woodpecker, with a smart tap of his bill, called the assembly to order.

Master Robin was chosen to the chair. Portly in figure, he filled the position with sober dignity.

The greater portion of the company were in a frolicsome mood, and at first it seemed doubtful if order could be maintained.

Brimming full of fun, the Bobolinks could barely restrain their witticisms.

The liquid laughter of the Yellowbirds would bubble up unconsciously, even while they made every effort to suppress these gushes of mirth.

The Chickadees, after turning several somersaults, crowded into a line, their little shouts suppressed to a whispered dee, dee!

The Wrens, though fidgety, behaved themselves with propriety.

The Martins gave evidence of their interest in sober attention.

The Swallows and other rovers, with much display of wing, settled themselves at last in grave propriety.

The importance of an anticipated courteous act operated in quieting the most restless member, and in hushing the inconsiderate loquacious articulator.

The Robin moved that the usual preliminaries common to such meetings be dispensed with, in order that the convention might hear from several songsters who were present in regard to the reception of the strangers who contemplated making a home in our groves.

The motion prevailing, an Oriole arose and warbled, in view of the benefits expected to arise from this occasion, not only to this location, but to the entire country, that it would be proper to give them the liberty of field, park and forest, and that the utmost courtesy be extended to them individually and collectively.

The motion was hailed with a clapping of wings, and each tiny member nodded a little affirmative of approval.

After thanking them for their courtesy, he recommended that the convention appoint a committee, to act in conjunction with all the songsters, in the reception of the expected throng.

On motion, the Thrushes, Larks, and Warblers were chosen committee.

Fluttering in his airy seat, the Killdeer in sweet dewy notes, offered the waters of all clear streams, the beautiful lake, where amid its sedgy bowers he had his home; the privilege of bathing he accorded to all, and that no fount whatever in meadow or glen be excluded.

"And further," said a tiny Wren, jumping up and perching on a little twig, "I add they have the liberty of using the waters of parks and gardens, whether they be pool or fountain." "And I," interrupted the Humming Bird, accompanying his speech with a delicious tremulo, "move they have free access to all parterres, gardens, and conservatories, to gather their fill of honey dew from sweet flowers of their own choosing."

"Don't all speak at once," said a lovely Jay, "one thing at a time; fountains and conservatories are much too artificial for our purpose; what we offer must be substantial and life giving, such as we hold in our unbounded forests and beautiful rivers," and he regarded the assembly with a haughty look, and displayed his crowned head as if to say "I am a peer in this realm, so regard me with respectful attention."

The Humming Bird shot out of sight and nestled behind his neighbor the Oriole. He was not accustomed to speak in public, and this reproof of the lovely Jay, made him shrink and tremble, unconscious that he outrivalled his reprover, in grace of form, in charm of wing, and in wealth of dazzling color.

The Wren, not in the least disconcerted, glanced saucily at the haughty bird, then with head and tail aloft and flirting, almost concealing a quick gesture of courtesy, gave his opinion that one could set as nice a table where nectar abounds in gorgeous cups beneath the fountain's spray, as in the heart of the forest. "Come," said he to the startled Jay, "and take your tea with me, where water flows clear and limpid from marble chalices, beneath perfumed shades, where merry children in their little feasts scatter substantials in profusion and variety."

"Better go," said the Mocking Bird in the same spirit of mischief, "I have a friend who lives in a gilded palace on those very grounds, he will greet you with special pleasure, and talk all day of your rivers that run headlong through fastnesses, and fall with deafening noise over projecting rocks; or if you like of the everlasting hills from whose solid walls, heavy winged monsters flap and scream, and in dark recesses great cat-eyed creatures lie await for prey; of the lakes where the ghostly lilies grow, where waters spread off into immensity, and of the lovely entertainment to be found where great black rocks frown over a delirium of waters."

This attempt to pervert my meaning is simply absurd. You, a bird of superior powers, should hesitate to sully the purity of your blood by any such ridiculous prevarications, nothing better could be expected than sanguineous splutterings of a common wren," and the Jay turned with a look of cruel scorn, to the playful chatterbox.

"Common? Yes I admit," said the Wren, nothing daunted, "common and familiar, as all the little children and my comrades will tell you. There is no disgrace in being petted, it makes one fascinating, as you will find upon intercourse with our charming friend. He is as comical as a monkey on a stick, and his songs are as good as a play," then with a sagacious nod to the Mocking Bird, he sang in a spirited manner, of another comrade too exclusive to use his wings, wandering curiously through the grounds, his plumage as he moves tumbling all over in iridescent waves of gold and green, of his superb repasts, and of his quaint and ready hospitality.

A Blue Bird, that very morning while eagerly searching for his breakfast, had noticed the sturdy legged, crooked beaked foreigner talking to himself in exulting snatches of speech, as he made his way with beak and claw over the trellis of an arbor, and said "he had no doubt there were others present who would be greatly edified, to witness the meeting of two such famous articulators. Allow me to suggest an extension of your courtesy Mr. Wren," and he made a circular flight around the Jay as if to astonish him with a rival azure.

The Jay gave a loud shriek of displeasure and his crest rose and fell, and he felt all the dissatisfaction depicted in his manner and bearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said: "Alas! I am near thirty." Scarron, the famous French dramatist, who was present, and knew her age, said: "Do not fret at it, madam; for you will get farther from that frightful epoch every day."

Renounced Inheritance.

BY A. L. S.

"Magdalene Ross, are you in your right mind?"

"I think so, Aunt Harriet. I feel no premonitions of insanity."

Lady Harriet Hereford, of Hereford Hall, leaned back in her velvet-cushioned arm-chair, and applied her vinaigrette to her nose. It was more than she could comprehend—this unheard-of conduct in her niece. The fashionable woman of the world could have no understanding of it.

"It is incredible, Magdalene! I always thought that you were a girl of good sense."

"Thank you, auntie. And so I claim to be."

"But you have no right to the claim! Such an absurd thing! You will not persist in doing it, will you, Maggie dear?" coaxingly.

Magdalene lifted her handsome head with an air of quiet pride. Her cheeks glowed, and her hazel eyes shone with a calm and steady light. There was determination like iron in the curve of the red lips.

"I shall do it. It is my duty. Heaven helping me, I will never shrink from that. And I should be doubly a coward, if I refused to walk in the path of justice, now that it lies so plainly and clearly before me. Should I do otherwise than I propose to do, I should despise myself for ever."

"How foolish! how ridiculous! The property is yours! No person in the world would doubt that fact for a moment. John Greenough was of sound mind, and in full possession of all his faculties, when he made the will which gives you everything of which he died possessed."

"Granted. I do not dispute that. But when the will was made he was under the influence of angry passion; and no man can be perfectly sane when passion sways him utterly. You know the circumstances as well as I do. He had set his heart on his son's marriage with Miss Vane—a lady of wealth and social position—and that son refused to obey him, choosing rather to follow the dictates of his own inclination. He married a poor farmer's daughter; and from that day to this his father never saw his face. He disowned him—nay, more, he cursed him—cursed him and his innocent children; and when Charles Greenough died, his own father turned from the door the messenger who came to bring the melancholy tidings. You know how it has been since. The widow of his son has supported her two children by her own industry, and brought them up rightly; a son and daughter, so I have been told, that any mother might be proud of. The property of John Greenough belongs not to me, but to those children."

"Magdalene, you are over-conscientious. Mr. Greenough gave it to you of his own free will. You saved his life, and he loved you better than he loved any other person."

"I was fortunate enough to render him a service."

"A service? You speak lightly. The dog would have surely killed him but for you."

"Aunt Harriet, no credit is due to me. Hero knew me, and desisted from his attack on the helpless old man because I called to him. There was no sacrifice on my part. But for this Mr. Greenough felt grateful; and during the time that I visited the Sunday school near his house, I frequently went in to read to him, or tell him the news of the day. I never even dreamt of being rewarded for it. He was a hard, stern old man; but I enjoyed his society, and I have been happiest always while doing right."

"And are you resolved?"

"Yes, I am resolved."

A bitter smile wreathed the handsome aristocratic face of Lady Harriet Hereford.

"Very well, Magdalene. I hope you will not repent your decision. I have tried hard to do by you as I should, during the few months you have been with me. You know that I do not approve of voluntary poverty. I was greatly opposed to your mother's marriage with Arthur Ross. Not that I have anything to bring against your father's character—but he was poor. Well, he is dead; and so is Helen—I will let them rest. But I hoped to have made their child understand what was for her own good. I have failed, it seems. I hope you know that you can have no expectations from me?"

Magdalene's cheek flushed—a scornful blaze in her dark eyes.

"I have sixty pounds a year, and would live upon it without help from any one. I did so for three years, after my poor mother's death, before I came to stay with you. Therefore I think you need be under no apprehensions." Then, her face softening a little, she added: "True, I have no expectations, save for your love! You are my only living relation, and you surely will not deny me that?"

"I shall remember that you are my niece; but what of Ralph Howard? Have you thought of his wish in this matter we speak of?"

Magdalene's eyes drooped—a flush stole up to her forehead.

"He will desire me to do what is right, I think. If not, then we shall be better apart."

"Well, you have chosen, and you will see. Have you spoken to him about your absurd decision?"

"I have written him."

"Will you let me see the reply?"

"If you wish it. But of course a right-minded man could have but one opinion on the matter."

"You think so? Well, as I said, we shall see."

And gathering up the mass of her silken drapery from any contact with the costly carpet, Lady Harriet Hereford left the room.

From the conversation we have given, the reader will understand the character of her ladyship and her niece; and there is no need of farther explanation.

Ralph Howard's note to Magdalene cut the heart of the young girl like a knife; but after the first pang was over, she felt very thankful that her life had not been bound with that of this sordid man. She gave him back the freedom she knew he desired; and then their paths became separated.

The property left her by Mr. Greenough was legally transferred to the children of Charles Greenough—Edward and Alice, both of whom resided in a distant part of the country. The business was all transacted by Mr. Dunn—Magdalene's lawyer; and although Edward Greenough strongly opposed the transfer, he was forced to acquiesce. He urged her, through her solicitor, to retain at least the old mansion where his grandfather had lived and died—but this she refused to do, and likewise did she decline the yearly annuity that he wished so much to settle upon her.

And casting off all ties, Magdalene left her proud, mercenary aunt, went to a distance, hired a cottage, and settled down there. There, too, for two years she lived on without love. And what is harder than that for a woman? She may be poor and humble, and unknown, but if there be one true heart that loves her, then life is a glory and a blessing. At the end of these two years of seclusion, Magdalene found her strength failing. The physicians prescribed sea air, and one sultry July day she beheld, for the first time, the great ocean.

Halsey Beach was quite a resort for quiet people who, disliking the noise and fashion of Scarborough and Dover, preferred seclusion and quietude.

The second evening after her arrival, Magdalene walked down on the beach. How quiet and still was everything. No sound but the ceaseless break of the surf on the beach—a sound old as creation itself. The sun went down—a breath of south wind swayed lazily the flag at the coast-guard station, on Beacon Cliff; and before her, at her very feet, lay stretched the illimitable ocean.

At the first few steps her light weight hardly made an impression on the sand, but as she went onward she sunk ankle deep, and with a slow horror stealing over her, she found that it required all her strength to extricate her feet from the power which held them.

"Not another step forward! Remain where you are! You are in the Halsey quicksands!"

She turned towards the voice, and saw, dimly defined through the gloom, a tall man hurrying towards her. A boat wrecked and bleached by the storm was stranded at a little distance. He tore out a piece of plank and made a bridge for himself. It brought him within a few yards of where she stood, slowly sinking—the cold, treacherous sand was up to her waist now. He stepped fearlessly upon it, and succeeded in drawing her out, and in safety to the plank. He did not speak until they were standing together on the shore.

Then he said, looking down at her pale face: "You are not acquainted with Halsey Beach, I suppose?"

For the first time she looked at him fairly.

He had a strong, reliable face—not a handsome one. The forehead was broad and full, the features tolerably good, the hair chestnut and inclined to curl, and the eyes grey, deep, and of that kind which keep their owner's secrets.

"No," she said, in reply to his question, "I have never looked upon the sea until yesterday."

He gave her his arm. How very delightful to this lonely woman was the sense of protection this man's presence gave her.

After that Miss Ross and Mr. Allston met constantly. They walked, and drove, and watched the sunsets together; and perhaps before either was aware they had drifted into love.

Magdalene realized how deeply her heart was stirred when he spoke of leaving Halsey Beach on the morrow.

Something he saw in her face led him to speak.

"Magdalene, one word from you would keep me through all time! Will you say it?"

She looked at him, but dimly comprehending his meaning.

"I will make myself clearer. I love you. I want your love in return. What answer have you?"

She put her hands in his. "I love you, Mr. Allston."

"Maggie, put your face here on my shoulder, close to mine. I have a confession to make to you. I am not what I seem. I am not Mr. Allston. My name is Edward Allston Greenough. No, I will not let you go. You must hear me through. When you renounced your inheritance for my sister and myself, I appreciated so perfectly the noble spirit which prompted you that I made a vow to seek you out, and, if possible, win your love. I loved you before I saw you. My sister is dead—I am all alone in the world; and so are you. I followed you here, and arrived just in season to save your life. I claim it now; shall I have it?"

She lifted her eyes to his face, and he read his answer there.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE CHILD AND THE FARM.—To own a few fruit trees, or a few fowls, a cow, calf, sheep or pony, and to have the entire disposal of their produce, gives a child an active and loving interest in the farm which may hereafter operate for its greatest good.

FLOWER TEA.—An infusion of the dried blossoms of the common cowslip is drunk in some counties in England under the name of cowslip tea. The blossoms communicate an aromatic fragrance to home-made wines, resembling that of the Muscatel wines of the South of France.

LICE ON CATTLE.—A stock grower, writing to the New York Club, gives his mode of destroying lice on cattle. He says: "I destroy them with brine. Any kind of salt water will do it. I find two kinds of lice. One is the blue lice, and I think the other is hen lice. I tried red precipitate one year; it killed the lice, two yearlings, and a two-year-old. But washing the cattle with brine is easier, and they get in the habit of licking one another, and are more gentle toward each other."

PLUM TREES.—One who has tried it, says that if a quantity of salt is sprinkled under the plum trees just as the fruit is forming, it will kill the curculio, and prevent the young plums from being stung. The same person says wood ashes spread underneath plum trees will also drive the circulio away; he applies both of these remedies, and always has nice smooth plums and a bountiful crop. Perhaps both are effectual; the ashes will, at least, promote a vigorous growth, and the salt can do no harm if it be used sparingly.

THE FOOD OF ANIMALS.—There are a great many people who seem to have an unlimited degree of faith in the ability of an animal to convert an offensive and deleterious substance into an article fit for human food. To this faith is due the fact that multitudes of farmers feed all manner of refuse to their hogs, and many are in the habit of giving swill to their cows. Both practices are decidedly injurious to the animals, and the man who wants good meat or pure milk had better avoid them.

MULCHING.—Mulching is a good thing in all departments of plant growth. Newly-planted trees always, and oftentimes for successive years. Raspberries, blackberries, currants, etc., do much better when mulched, and it is very easy to pull up the few weeds that force themselves through the mulch. Strawberries need plenty of water at fruiting time, and a mulch is as good as a spell of wet weather. It also keeps the fruit clean and the weeds down. Tomatoes when allowed to lie on the ground are helped by a mulch. At this time of the year plenty of grass can be cut for the purpose.

THE GARDEN.—Working in a garden is highly conducive to health. The exercise is gentle; it is united with amusement, and by it both the body and the spirits are invigorated. There is something in the odor of the earth that strengthens the whole system. Let the sedentary man take up the pruning-knife and spend an hour of the dewy morning amongst his vines, or the spade, hoe, or rake and prepare for work over his asparagus, lettuce, or radish beds, and he will thus give tone and vigor to his body and his mind for the severe studies of his desk. The teacher will teach all the better; the minister will preach all the better for the mind exercise which the garden gives.

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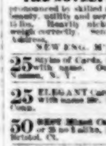

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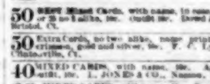

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THE TWO ROSES.

Two roses in my garden grew;
The one was brilliant and rich of hue,
Proud of her beauty and perfume rare,
And spread her sweets to each passing air.
The other, timid and chaste of mind,
Shrank from the kiss of the fickle wind,
Content in the pride of her virtue meek,
And veiled the blush on her modest cheek.

Dazzled with the glare of her gaudy bloom,
Drunk with the breath of her rich perfume,
I tended the one with ceaseless care;
I watched the growth of each beauty rare,
And dreamed that all on some future day
Would own the power of her peerless sway.

At length my flower, that I loved the best,
I sought to take and wear on my breast,
That, won from her parent stem to part,
She might rest awhile on my loving heart.
But down was the lure of her witching spell
As fluttering to earth her petals fell;
Her heart was rotten and dead at the core—
And I knew that my foolish dream was o'er.

I saw how [illegible] was the fullblown bloom
That had charmed my senses and won my praise;
And I [illegible] at last of the timid flower
Which had pined unheeded for cooling shower,
But drought unslaked had her life spring dried;
So, fading and faded, she drooped and died.

I saw too late, with awakening eyes,
How near I had been to my longed for prize;
One-half of the care I had spent in vain—
Care that had brought me but grief and pain—
If spent on the rose that had pined away,
Would have reared a flower so chastely gay
That the joy of its countless charms untold
My care had repaid a thousandfold.

Ah! how oft in the toil and strife,
The chances and changes which we call life,
By slight and neglect in time of need,
We kill the flower and we rear the weed;
Then when we see it, and know too late,
We blame not ourselves, but curse our fate.
For no solace have we on which to lean,
When we know what we long for might have been.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

The Fate of Years.

BY C. [illegible]

IX.

VISITORS.

When the Doctor reached the gate of the Royer domain, he stopped and [illegible] [illegible]

The wagon was stopped and Enderly made a move to descend. Before he did so he slipped a five-dollar bill into the driver's hands.

"I'd rather not, sir," said the driver, and he returned the money.

"So be it, my friend. I'm obliged to you indeed. Here, take this card of mine, and if you will call on me at any time I will be of whatever service I can to you. Good-night!"

"Good night, mister," returned the driver, taking the Doctor's card.

Enderly descended, and the wagon rattled down the street.

He reached home in a short time, and went immediately out to his cosy little study, pulled off his coat, put on his wrapper, and told Joe to bring him something to eat—no matter what, hot or cold, it mattered little.

Then Enderly sank back upon one of the most comfortable of lounges and closed his eyes as if he were about to fall asleep. He reproached himself for having abandoned old Martin, yet how could he help it. He was so glad, too, to get rid of that noxious house—that great dismal house where the sunlight never came, for the thick shadow of the surrounding trees made a sort of twilight in its immediate vicinity.

"Ah, that dreadful house!" sighed Enderly. "What a fool I am to bother myself about folks' affairs, and neglect my own! Well, I've had an experience, at any rate!"

Joe came in with a cold chicken and a bottle of claret.

"What is the leading event of the day, Joe? Set them down here. Was there anybody here to-day?"

"Plenty; more'n ever. It's allus so, Doctor. I knowed it. It's allus so when you go away."

"Confound it!" ejaculated Enderly, fumbling about his vest pockets and touching a cigar—the actual cigar which Mr. Beacom had given him in the Kloeque. "Ah, here's some more consolation. After my banquet I'll attack this."

He lost no time in discussing the viands before him, and then pouring out a glass of wine and water, he said:

"Well, Joe, I suppose I've a slate full of [illegible]

[illegible]

ing. I came here on a professional—strictly professional, errand."

"What is that, pray?"

The Doctor's innate nature was aroused by the very apathy of Mrs. Royer, and he put on the mask of coolness himself to match her, if he could.

"Well?"

"I wish to see you respecting myself, recollect. I do not consider you a father confessor of mine, but—ha! ha!"

She laughed a very fascinating little laugh, and added,

"Why in the world did you not return to the house last night?"

"Because I knew, Mrs. Royer, that it would be more difficult to tear myself away in the morning. I was tired, and did not care to stay. Moreover, I had lots of work to do—attend patients from ten to three, then to the hospital clinic, then to go the round of my visits, and come back here to study my cases till midnight. A good day's work, I assure you, Mrs. Royer."

While he was speaking, Enderly looked at the young woman, Mrs. Holbrooke—for very young she was, and very beautiful; and he felt like speaking to her upon the delicate topic which was ever on his mind.

He asked Mrs. Royer to enter his little study back of the office, while Mrs. Holbrooke remained in the office.

There was a great rustling of silks as Mrs. Royer swept into the narrow room. She was dressed faultlessly. Her diamonds and jewelry seemed more scintillant than ever.

The Doctor, with a bow towards Mrs. Holbrooke, closed the door between the rooms, and shut her out for the nonce.

"Well," said the Doctor, "what is it I can do for you?"

Mrs. Royer smiled, and, tapping her fan upon the edge of the table, said in a low voice:

"Mrs. Holbrooke is the very person you seek, is she not?"

"Yes, but to what am I to ascribe this visit?"

"I have been so worried because you left so abruptly; but I was so worried last night, Doctor—so worried. It was a whirl of excitement, [illegible]

[illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[illegible]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The new materials which appear from day to day all possess some attraction to give them success. While there are so many in the list of plain colors, in woolens, in which the soft beige shades, or dove like grays, are the favorites, others equally charming have faint dashes of color introduced. The most charming effect is then produced by combining the plain with the figured. For this gauzy materials, suitable for the many occasions which occur during our summer pleasures, when light diaphanous materials are the most appropriate, we have the beautifying effect of the Louis XIV. period, reproduced in delicate clusters of flowers in soft pretty tints on a plain background of pale blue, rose gray and mauve, or the design forms a delicate scroll having a lace-like effect. These are generally made over a plain tinted material of the same texture.

These delicate tinted organdies or lawns are made into costumes possessing charming effect, and being one of the most popular materials, I think a few hints of a pretty model may prove acceptable. The skirt is generally edged by one deep flounce with a narrow ruffle with lace each side, forming a trimming at the top and bottom, while the drapery is arranged in an equally simple style of a scarf draped across the front and trimmed each side with lace or a ruffle edged with lace. The scarf reaches to the top of the skirt trimming, and terminates at the sides. In the back it is composed of two breadths of the material trimmed all around with the lace, and looped gracefully on to the tournure just below the basque. The latter is cut to the figure and trimmed as the drapery. A becoming effect of a vest is produced by tucking the fronts in fine diagonal or perpendicular pleats.

The skirt trimming can be narrow ruffles in place of a deep flounce. This model is shown in short costumes intended for ordinary wear, while for more dressy occasions the skirt is lengthened into a train.

For this latter style, exquisite models are shown by Mr. Wanamaker, in which plain white Swiss or organdie or dotted muslins are the materials used. Lace and embroidery are so profusely applied in the trimming as to give richness to a material generally associated with extreme simplicity. The skirt has one deep flounce on the bottom, in which alternate rows of lace insertion, fine tucks or puffings are used. A heading is formed by a full quilling of the material [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Fireside Chat.

[illegible]

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

[illegible]